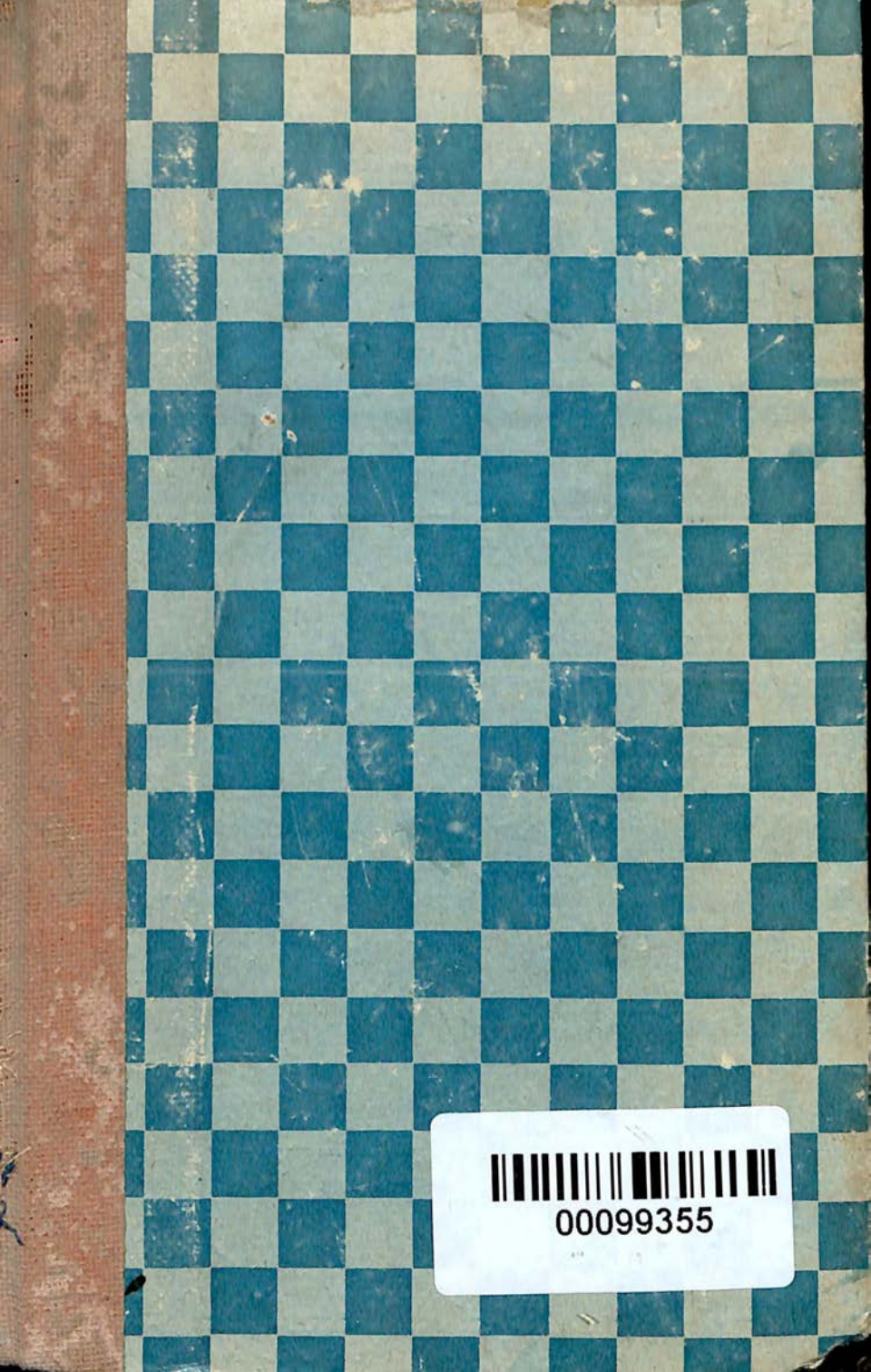
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BY ROSA NEWMARCH

THE RUSSIAN OPERA

THE RUSSIAN ARTS

THE TROITSA—SERGHIEVSKAYA MONASTERY

THE DEVOUT RUSSIAN

A BOOK OF THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS GATHERED FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH AND MODERN RUSSIAN AUTHORS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES BY

ROSA NEWMARCH

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TO

ONE WHO NOW WATCHES THE RUSSIANS

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN THOUGHT

BECAUSE IT REFLECTS

THE TEACHING OF HIS "ANGEL"

S. BASIL THE GREAT

INTRODUCTION

THIS book is an attempt to answer questions which have often been put to me during the last few years, since our interest, or curiosity, in the spiritual side of Russia has been awakened: What are the devotional books most read by the Russians? What are their national equivalents for such "bedside books" as Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Keble's "Christian Year," Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," St. Augustine's "Confessions," or the "Little Flowers" of S. Francis? I visited Russia more than once without having satisfied myself on these points. The Russians have far less false shame in speaking of spiritual things than we have: but, even so, it is difficult in the course of ordinary conversation to enquire: What devotional books do you read? in the same off-hand way in which one might ask:

What newspaper do you take? Moreover it must be confessed that a great number of the *intelligentsia* of my own generation are not at all devoutly mystical. There seemed to me but one way of getting reliable information, although it was not altogether easy to follow. All the large monasteries in Russia have departments for the sale of ikons, lamps, panagia—medals and crosses worn by the faithful—and devotional literature. In such places I made enquiries, and though I sometimes got a dull answer I never received a rebuff. In the bookshops of the Choudov Monastery, in the Kremlin at Moscow, and in that of the famous Lavra of the Trinity, at Serghievo, I was fortunate in finding monks who took a lively and sympathetic interest in my quest. This was lucky, because one does not find the highest type of hieromonach employed in such capacities. But at least I was in touch with the men who supply the demands of the reading *folk*. I knew something about the "Spiritual Pearls" (*Margarity*), "Emeralds (*Smaragdy*),

"Bees" (*Pchely*); the "Discourse of Hilarion," Metropolitan of Kiev, and other writings, almost wholly homiletic, which formed the bulk of Russian literature up to the close of the seventeenth century. But the brother-librarians laid before me a great array of religious books of a more recent and popular description. My investigations soon led me to one conclusion: no devotional anthology seems to appeal widely to Orthodox Russia which does not contain due tribute from the works of the Greek Fathers, the founders of their cherished faith. S. John Chrysostom, S. Basil the Great, S. Gregory Dialogus—the "Three Saints" who endowed the Church with its three Orthodox Liturgies* are largely represented; as well as the ascetics: S. Nilus of Sinai, S. Isaac and S. Ephraim of Syria, S. John Climacus, and others. Next in order of importance come the Saints and Divines of Russian origin: S. Tikhon Zadonsky, S. Dmitri of Rostov, Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, Ignatius, Bishop

* Their triune festival is celebrated in Russia on January 30th (O.S.).

of the Caucasus, and a host of other venerated names in national history. But the material of many devotional books is not strictly confined to patristic literature. The spirit of the compilers is eclectic, and, just as in the northern porch of the Cathedral of the Annunciation, in the Kremlin, we find mural paintings of the ancient philosophers accepted as forerunners of the Messiah, even so in some anthologies that have passed through my hands we find their words of wisdom side by side with those of S. John Damascene, or S. Isidore of Pelusium. The wide-minded anonymous editor of "The Spiritual Flower Garden"* says in his preface to that book: "Since we find flowers not only in the fenced garden (the Church), but in the fields and by the wayside, we may also pluck them from those who, though they knew not the Christian faith, must ever be regarded as teachers of the highest morality."

* "The Spiritual Flower Garden," published by the Russian monastery of Panteleimon on Mount Athos, a book highly recommended to me by the monks as having run through several editions and being still in great demand.

In the same spirit, coming to modern days, we find the names of such secular writers as Karamzin, the Russian historian, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau on the same page with that of Father John of Cronstadt, or Cyril, Bishop of Melitopol.

In preparing this little book for English readers, I have been guided to some extent by Russian prototypes; but, with the exception of some quotations from the Greek Fathers,* I have kept exclusively to national authors. I have also added an element for which I alone am responsible; namely some extracts from the poets and novelists of the last century. Some of these were as truly God-seekers (*Bogoishately*) in their way as those who built the first forest hermitages in old Russia, or dwelt in the caves of the Pechersky Monastery at Kiev. The problems of their life were more difficult and complicated than those which faced the solitaries of bygone ages, but, in so far as they are true

* Not being a Greek scholar, I have taken most of these extracts from the *Dobrotolioubie*, a collection in five volumes of lengthy extracts from the primitive Fathers, translated into Russian by Bishop Theophane.

Russians, even those who wandered away from the faith frequently retraced their steps in their efforts to solve them by that light which S. Anthony prophesied should shine forth on the hills of Kiev. The short poems of Poushkin and Lermontov included in this anthology prove that both these self-willed, passionate, Lucifer-spirits knew hours in which recusancy gave place to devotion. Nor can I conceive a more "devout Russian" than Dostoievsky, and the fact of my having quoted so freely from his works should be for all those who have the root of the matter a sufficient explanation of my neglect of the writings of Tolstoy.

With these flowers of modern Russian thought my readers are far more likely to be familiar than with the specimens gathered from the "fenced garden" of the Orthodox Church. Writing in 1842, the Rev. R. W. Blackmore, translator of Mouraviev's "History of the Russian Church," upbraids us for our ignorance of the Eastern Communion which includes more than a quarter of the

Christian world. In spite of the pioneer work of Dr. King in the eighteenth century, of such churchmen as Neale and Stanley, and a layman such as the late W. J. Birkbeck; in spite of excellent chapters on the subject in such popular books as Mr. Maurice Baring's "The Mainsprings of Russia" and Mr. Harold Williams's "Russia of the Russians," one may be permitted to doubt whether more than a small circle of English people know much more about the differences which divide the Western and Eastern Churches than they did seventy-five years ago.

One hindrance to a closer understanding between English and Russian churchmen we must hope to see removed in the near future. I refer to the absence in this country of any place of public worship where those who feel drawn by ties of sympathy—or perhaps merely by the curiosity which sometimes leads on to it—may hear the sublime Liturgies of S. Chrysostom and S. Basil the Great sung in the sonorous Slavonic versions to the plain chant—the *rasspievi*, or authentic

church chants—or to some of the finest of modern Russian settings. He who will may learn by practical experience what a celebration of the Roman Mass is like; but most of us live and die without the least conception how the Eastern Church—especially its Russian branch—celebrates its profoundly moving worship of the Spirit Immanent in man, the one only changeless basis of religious unity.

The Russian Church is the most numerous of the various autocephalous Churches of Eastern Orthodoxy, which are one in spirit and doctrine, but several in nationality. Its full name is the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Orthodox Church." The Russian word for Orthodoxy is *Pravoslavia*. There are, however, Slav races like the Poles and Czechs, who have followed the teaching of the Latin Church. According to earliest tradition, S. Andrew, the "First Called," visited Scythia and journeyed up the river Dnieper, raising the first Cross upon the heights of Kiev and uttering the prophecy: "on these hills shall

shine the light of Divine Grace. Here shall be a great city, and God shall have in it many churches to His Name." Eight hundred years later S. Cyril and S. Methodius preached the Gospel in Moravia and translated the Scriptures into the Slavonic. That their mission reached Russia some fifty years earlier than the date at which Vladimir the Red Sun adopted Christianity as a national religion is evident by the treaty between Prince Igor and the Greeks in 545, at which time mention was made of Christians dwelling in Kiev and worshipping in their own church of S. Ilya (Elias). Olga, widow of Prince Igor, was baptized at an advanced age at Constantinople in 957. Her son, Svyatoslav, tolerated, but never accepted, his mother's faith, and it was not until 988 that her grandson, Vladimir, having conquered Kherson, was baptized there before his marriage with Anna, sister of the Byzantine Emperor. On his return to Kiev he imposed the Christian religion upon his people, who appear to have accepted it with docility.

The respect in which the vigorous, if somewhat barbaric, Olga had been held, helped, no doubt, to pave the way for a general baptism of the folk, and she was canonized as one of the earliest national saints. Vladimir threw the colossal statue of Peroun into the Dnieper and raised a church on the hill sacred to the idol of the thunder-god, which he dedicated to his patron Saint—or "angel" as the Russians say—S. Basil the Great. Thus the Eternal Light dawned upon Russia and, as S. Anthony had predicted, spread out from this very centre of Mother Kiev, "the city of miracles, the silent shades of whose catacombs are more beautiful than the palaces of the Tsars."*

By this time the rupture between the Eastern and Western Churches, though not yet quite complete, was sufficiently marked to give to the primitive faith and civilisation of Russia an entirely Byzantine character, the Church remaining under the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople until 1571,

* Khomyakov.

when, under the regency of Boris Godounov, Job, Metropolitan of Moscow, was appointed Patriarch of all Russia, and the Church became an independent and fully national institution. Never has any Church been more closely linked with the national life than that of Russia. It is this which endears it to all classes, even to those who have broken away from its teaching. Once in Petrograd I unexpectedly met a friend on the steps of a church. Knowing that he professed to be neither "croyant" nor "pratiquant," no doubt I looked as astonished as I felt. "Are you thinking of all you have heard me say?" he asked. "But then you see I am Russian first, and agnostic afterwards. Our church is bound up with our country's story, and my heart is bound up with the history of Russia—therefore I, too, sometimes burn a candle to the Lord." This attitude is typical of many educated and so-called free-thinking Russians who cannot draw a hard and fast line between patriotism and the religious conscience. Few indeed, when it came to "the last things"

would regard an oration at their graveside as a satisfactory substitute for the Panikhida, or Requiem Office. While I was in Russia in 1915 I was struck by the crowded state of the churches, and the fact that the spirit of opposition to faith was in abeyance. And from those who have visited Russia more recently I learn that, so far, the Revolution has not kept the masses away from their religious duties. A secularised Russia offers as dreary a vision as the thought of this earth when its central fires have grown cold. Let us hope that the prospect is as remote.

The independence of the Church continued until the time of Peter the Great who brooked no rival to his autocracy. No "state within a state" or spiritual sovereign to share the temporal power with the Emperor, came within his scheme of government. In 1721 he suppressed the dignity of Patriarch, replacing it for a time by the exarchate of Stephen Yavorsky, called the "guardian of the Patriarchate," and eventually by the institution of the Holy Synod. The Metropolitans,

Archbishops and Bishops are members of this assembly, and in whatever capacity they serve—as active, permanent, or temporary members—they have hitherto all been nominated by the Tsar. At the head of the Synod is a layman, designated by the offensively German title of Ober-Procuror, or Chief Procurator, who exercises the secular control, and to whom, until lately, was delegated the authority of the Tsar. He has the right of veto, and without his confirmation no measures taken by the Synod are valid. Thus the Church became subject to the State, and, as may be gathered from some of the biographical notes appended to this volume, the energies of the higher clergy, especially in the direction of liberal reform, have been often frustrated by this all-powerful representative of the secular authority.

The main differences in dogma between the Eastern and Western Churches proceed largely from the fact that the Latin mind has tended to define sharply points which the eastern mind has been contented to leave less lucidly

outlined. They are as follows: First, the omission by the Eastern Church of the word *filioque* from the Nicene Creed; so that while the western version reads: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, etc.", in the Orthodox Creed, or "Symbol of the Faith," the words run simply: "Who proceedeth from the Father." Secondly, a divergence of opinion as regards purgatory. The Eastern Church enjoins prayers for the dead, but rejects the idea of the post-mortem expiation of sin by spiritual flames, and with it the whole system of indulgences, although admitting the intercession of the living, and the Holy Mysteries, as effective means of expiation. Thirdly, while the Blessed Virgin is regarded with profound reverence as the Mother, or Birth-giver of God, her name being recalled to remembrance, and her intercession directly evoked in prayer, the Orthodox Church does not profess the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception in exactly the same sense as the Western Church. Lastly,

the Eastern Church has freed herself from the supremacy of Rome, and denies the infallibility of the Pope.

Another difference between the Churches lies in the finality of the Eastern dogma which was settled once and for all by the Seven Councils, the last of which took place in 786, before the actual rift between the Greeks and Latins. But though the Orthodox Church admits no further doctrinal development, it would be quite wrong to confound this fixity of faith with inertia, for its missionary activities have been greater than is usually admitted, extending across Asia to the Aleutian Islands in the Sea of Kamchatka. At the time of the separation of the Churches, Orthodoxy claimed some twenty million followers; at the close of last century those figures had increased—roughly speaking—to about one hundred and fifteen millions.

The Orthodox Church recognises seven Sacraments: Baptism (by immersion) and Holy Chrism (confirmation) which follows immediately after it; the Holy Eucharist;

Confession; Marriage; Holy Orders; and Unction, which is not necessarily Extreme Unction, but a rite which may be repeated at intervals during sickness, accompanied by prayer for the healing of the sufferer. The Holy Eucharist is administered in both kinds to lay men and women, who communicate together. The Wine is mixed with warm water, and the Bread being soaked in it, both are given at the same time to the communicant in a sacramental spoon called *Ljitsa*. Infant Communion is compulsory.

There are four great Fasts which are very strictly observed by practising Church people of all classes: Advent, Lent. the Fast of SS. Peter and Paul, from the first Sunday after Pentecost until June 29th (O.S.), and the Fast which precedes the Feast of the Assumption (the Falling Asleep of the Mother of God) from August 1st to 15th. There are twelve great Feasts and many minor festivals.

Of the three Divine Liturgies, that of S. John Chrysostom is in ordinary use throughout the year; the pontifical Liturgy of S.

Basil the Great is used in communities, and on special occasions; that of the Presanctified Gifts is reserved for Lent when there is no consecration of the Elements during the Celebration.

Statues are not permitted in the Eastern Church, but pictures, both Ikons and mural paintings, play an important part in the religious life of the Russians. They serve the double purpose of awakening a livelier remembrance in the faithful of the works and sufferings of Our Lord and of the Saints, and of educating the illiterate in Biblical history. It must not be supposed that the masses are completely ignorant of the inner meaning of the complicated ritual of the Church. In the parish schools, be they Church or Zemstvo schools, religious instruction is given by the clergy, and the symbolism of the liturgies explained. In some schools the ecclesiastical Slavonic, the language of the offices, is taught to the children. Considerable ignorance still prevails among foreigners with regard to the ikons which play so

important a part in the life of a devout Russian. We frequently hear them condemned as encouraging superstition in an uneducated people. Nowhere in the teaching of the Russian Church can we find anything to support this assertion. In the early days of their conversion the Russians might have been reminded by carved and painted statues of the "Koumiry," or wooden fetiches, they worshipped in their pagan state. It is not surprising therefore that these were condemned as part of the internal decoration of their churches. But even an illiterate peasant could hardly take the painted picture for the actual object of his adoration. There are two reasons which may explain to us the prostration and fervent crossings of suppliants before the "prayer pictures" in a Russian church. One is the religious emotionalism of the race, which is quickly stirred at the sight of these reminders of all that is owed to Christ and His followers, and finds vent in sharp compunction or joyous exaltation; another is perhaps the feeling, so well de-

scribed by the devout slavophile Kireievsky, that these pictures, in the course of the centuries during which they have been venerated, have actually absorbed the currents of fervent prayer poured out before them, and have become in some mystical way veritable mediums of communication between the Creator and His creatures. We ourselves are beginning more generally to realise that there is a kind of vital magnetism contained in physical objects which have long been consecrated to a special use; they give out some of the spiritual energies they have taken in and become useful aids to prayer and meditation.

Of recent years there has been a revival of æsthetic interest in this symbolic and impersonal art. "For us, the ikon is not so much a work of art," writes Pounin, a leading representative of this movement, "as a living organism, a chalice of peculiar spiritual value, offered in a form as valuable as it is expressive." The symbolism of iconography is well understood by the masses and it is

therefore a truly democratic and communicative form of art.

The priests are of two classes. The parish priests are called the White clergy, and with them marriage is an obligation, the rite taking place before ordination. They consist of deacons and protodeacons, priests and protopriests, and can rise no higher in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. A priest may not marry a second time, but on his wife's death he can enter the ranks of the Black, or monastic, clergy, and may possibly attain to a higher position in the Church. The incomes of the rural clergy are derived partly from a salary paid by the State through the Synod, and partly from fees paid by the parishioners for weddings, christenings, funerals, and other services. In addition, the priest has a dwelling and a varying allotment of land, in the cultivation of which he gets some gratuitous aid from the peasantry. The annual stipend is often miserably inadequate for the support of a family, and in sparsely populated districts the priest and his wife,

struggling for existence, have earned an ugly, and frequently unjust, reputation for greed. While as a priest he is isolated in his social life both from the classes above and beneath him, the material conditions of his daily existence differ so little from that of his poorest parishioners that their attitude towards him is tinged with contempt. On the other hand, the priest, though he must perforce live by the people, has learned in a bitter school of adversity to sympathize with the sordid cares of the peasantry. The country clergy are often narrow-minded and uncouth; when their lot is cast far from a town centre there is very little to keep alive the modest culture with which they were equipped on starting their ministries; but they are rarely neglectful of their duties. These are onerous enough when we consider the Russian Church calendar with all it involves in the way of services; the immense distances that have to be covered in order to visit the sick; the difficulties of locomotion, and the long fasts rigorously observed. The

priesthood numbers a majority of conscientious men, and from time to time a shining example of piety whose fame is carried far beyond his own parish. One may say of the White clergy that they share in that great capacity for selfless service which is the hall-mark of the Russian race. The education given to the Russian priesthood and to the sons of the clergy is far more liberal than is generally supposed by western Europeans. In the seminaries theological studies naturally come first ; but besides Ecclesiastical Slavonic—the language of the liturgies—Latin, Greek and French or German are taught, as well as some natural science. The curriculum is ample, but the teaching is not of the highest order. The Russian priest buried in a rural district soon drops much of his early education. As regards modern languages, personally I have rarely met a clergyman who spoke anything but his own tongue.

Externally the Russian " Batioushka," with his long hair flowing over his shoulders, and his hirsute countenance, offers a complete

contrast to the clean-shaven priest of Roman or Anglican orders. Perhaps he does not impress us favourably at first sight, and the dubious impression is mutual. I shall never forget the long, low whistle of astonishment which escaped from a Russian friend of mine, a doctor, when we met one day in the environs of Moscow a man who bowed to me, and I had to explain him as an English parson in holiday attire; his trousers were turned up several inches, displaying striped socks, and a white straw hat sat on the back of his closely clipped head. The White clergyman wears a long cassock-like coat of blue, grey or brown, a chain and cross round his neck, and a low-crowned hat. The condition of his clothes varies with his incumbency, but in the capitals one meets priests and deacons who have a distinct air of clerical dandyism. A fine voice is of very material assistance to a Russian priest; there is very little bad chanting even in rural churches.

The Black clergy actually wear black. They live in communities, and from their

ranks are recruited the higher grades of ecclesiastics : the Metropolitans, Archbishops, Bishops, Archimandrites (Abbots), and Hegumens (Priors). Many of them begin by holding posts as professors in the Divinity schools before they are promoted to be the directors of monasteries or the rulers of a diocese. The rivalry between the two clerical classes—the monastic clergy, who stand for learning, authority and conservatism generally, and the parish priests, who are better disposed towards reform—although it has been so far a latent and silent struggle, may, under a freer regime, develop into a healthier and more active party system.

The monastic life has flourished since the middle of the eleventh century, when the hermit Anthony, who adopted the religious vocation at Mount Athos, returned to his native country and established himself in the former cave-dwelling of the Holy Hilarion, near Kiev, where, attracting to himself many disciples, he founded the Pechersky Monastery,* the first stronghold of religious celibacy

* From *pestchera*, the Russian word for a cave.

in Russia. Besides many princes and boyards, the Pechersky Lavra has sheltered some notable ascetics, and also the monkish chronicler, Nestor, the father of Russian history. Under its second director, Theodosius, its rule was fixed on the strict lines of the Studium Monastery at Constantinople. The ascetic tendency of Pechersky has been somewhat fanatical. Next in importance ranks the Monastery of the Trinity at Serghievo, about two hours' journey from Moscow. Just as the Pechersky Monastery corresponds to the Kiev period, dating back to the legendary days of Russian history, so the Troitsa-Serghievskaya lavra belongs to the period of the Muscovite supremacy. It was founded by St. Sergius of Radonej, in 1340. Sergius, or Bartholomew as he was then called, even as a mere boy led a hermit's life in the forests around Moscow, and built with his own hands a small wooden church to the glory of the Life-giving Trinity on the site of the present monastery.

Later on, the fame of his piety having

drawn around him a band of disciples, he consented at their wish to be ordained by Athanasius, Bishop of Volhynia. The Lavra grew into a small city enclosed by battlemented walls, behind which arose the domes and spires of a dozen or more chapels and churches, a theological college, a great refectory, and a burial ground, to secure a last resting place in which the wealthy devout will pay almost any price. The monastery has played an important part in Russian history. Here the tide of Polish victory was checked in 1608-1609 by the heroic defence of the Lavra, which sustained a sixteen months' siege; the monks themselves manning the walls and acting as gunners.

To come from the busy life of Moscow, from its more than half-Teutonised thoroughfares, its tramways and electric lights, into the sleepy little town of Serghievo; to cross its wide, empty market-place, to pass under the main portal and find oneself within its white walls, moving from chapel to chapel in the

train of pilgrims, which always seem to throng its pathways; to drink at its Holy Fountain; to listen to the perpetual prayer offered up by the Saint's shrine in the Church of the Trinity; to watch the rapt devotion of the peasant pilgrims; to talk with the monks who act as guides, and the busy brothers at the ikon and bookstalls, is to feel time slipping back through seven centuries to a richly-storied age, to the "miraculous centuries, starving for lack of bread and nourished upon heavenly roses," which indeed have never quite passed away from Russia. It brings a more vivid dream of the past, a more palpable contrast with the mediæval ideal, than even the grass-grown streets of Assisi and the humble chapel of Saint Damian among the olive trees. For here the idle tourist rarely mingles a discordant note with the prayers of the devout pilgrims. The Pechersky Monastery ranks first in point of size, and is visited annually by about 150,000 pilgrims; next to it comes the Troitsa-Serghievskaya, with not less than 100,000.

The Donskoi Monastery* (1591), the New Monastery of the Saviour (fourteenth century), and the Simonov Monastery (1370)—all in the immediate neighbourhood of Moscow; and the Solovetsky, on the White Sea, are also attractive places of pilgrimage. Another community of equal rank with the Pechersky and Troitsa-Serghievskaya is that of S. Alexander Nevsky, founded by Peter the Great, at Petrograd.

While the number of those who permanently enter the monasteries is sensibly decreasing, there has been no corresponding fall in the influx of pilgrims to certain shrines or ikons which appeal to the patriotism, imagination and religious sentiment of the masses. These pilgrimages still seem a vital part of Russian life. Before they can die out, the people will have to forget their national traditions and lose a good deal of their human nature. In a country where distances are enormous, and social intercourse difficult, the pilgrimages

* So called after the Ikon of the Virgin of the Don, which is kept there.

have come to take the place of other kinds of meetings and conferences, and even of the beanfeasts and "monster fêtes" of the western working classes. In the pilgrimages the women take their part. There is much discussion of heavenly matters, but also, no doubt, some talk of mundane affairs. Russians, high and low, love above all things to congregate like starlings and chatter to their hearts' content. Very often, too, the monastic sites are at the same time the centres of the largest fairs held in the country.

The monasticism of Russia came from the East and was impregnated with a characteristically dour asceticism which saw evil in many things, was inimical to all secular art, and particularly harsh in its view of woman as the origin of man's first fall. Time did something to modify this rigorous attitude, so out of keeping with the true nature of the Russians, the least censorious of people. But the quality of Eastern asceticism, which, at its worst, produced in Russia the saints who buried themselves alive in the catacombs of

Kiev, never brought forth at its best the communicative radiance and warmth of the Franciscan ideal. The spirit which engendered the "Domostroi" (Book of Household Management) of Sylvester, did not lend itself to such a lyrical outburst of love and gratitude as Il Poverello's "Hymn to the Sun." Russian monasteries have existed principally as centres of prayer, meditation, and intercession for the sins of the world, rather than as active organisations for the amelioration of its sickness and sufferings. During the dark period of the Tartar yoke (1224-1505), and the "troubled times" of the two Pretenders and the Interregnum (1605-1613), they were the refuges of the weak and the non-combative; the sole centres of culture, and, on the confines of the vast empire, they were, incidentally, the first colonizers of new territory and the pioneers of missionary effort. "If there is a country which has been made by its monks, it is Russia," says Leroy-Beaulieu.*

* "L'Empire des Tsars and des Russes," Vol. III, p. 229.

Under Peter the Great the intellectual activities of the monasteries suffered a severe check. The writing of new books was forbidden, as well as the copying of passages from existing devotional literature. The dissemination of such writings hindered—it was thought—the progress of western reforms. The monks might only possess one inkstand, chained to a table in the refectory for their common use; and even for this the consent of the abbot or prior was necessary. Mental sloth and sterile idleness were rather encouraged than reproved by such repressions. Next came the wholesale confiscations of church lands and serfs; while in return the temporal authorities gave back to the communities subventions which were wretchedly inadequate for their maintenance. Nevertheless, the Russian monasteries have the reputation of being immensely rich. The people have been glad contributors of their mites, and the wealthy have heaped magnificent votive offerings before the shrines of the national saints, and the wonder-working

ikons. The monks, it must be said, are faithful and honourable guardians of these buried talents. Hospitality, which is one of the innate virtues of the Russian people, is also a tradition of its monastic life. At the Troitsa-Serghievskaya one may see hundreds of poor pilgrims served with a gratuitous meal, and visitors of other creeds and nationalities are made welcome at the mid-day dinner in the refectory.

A peculiarity of the monastic system is the distribution of a considerable part of the communal wealth for the upkeep of hospitals, schools and orphanages, in the management of which the monks take no practical share, delegating it more often to the diocesan clergy. Some monasteries make a speciality of their music; others have ateliers for the painting of ikons, or maintain a typography. The war has given a shock to the immobile attitude of Russian monasticism. When I was in Serghievo in 1915 the accommodation of the great numbers of wounded coming in daily from the front was being effectively

grappled with, and everywhere one was conscious of new currents of sympathy, human and divine, set in motion by the upheavals of the hour.

Life in the convents has been in many ways more active than in the monasteries. If we glance back to the dawn of civilisation in Russia, at the close of the tenth century, we shall see that however tentative were the first efforts to educate the nation, men and women shared these meagre opportunities on equal terms. The first school—the teachers were of course ecclesiastics—was founded at Novgorod, in 1025, and was followed in 1086 by a school for girls only, opened by the Princess-nun, Yanka, the granddaughter of Yaroslav, the Lawgiver, in her convent of St. Andrew at Kiev. The community which she governed may be accepted as typical of convent life in mediæval Russia. The chroniclers tell us that the aim of her work was the edification of the soul rather than the cultivation of the intellect. The girls were taught reading in order that they

might study the Scriptures; writing, to enable them to transcribe the comparatively rare manuscripts in the convent library; and singing, that they might take part in the church services. If we add to these subjects needlework, and certain handicrafts which were women's special province, we have a curriculum which remained unchanged for generations.

The monkish chroniclers wrote rather dryly and grudgingly about women; nevertheless, the two chief sources of biographical information concerning Russia from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century—the Book of Genealogies and the Lives of the Saints—occasionally mention women of outstanding zeal and learning. Olga, of whom I have already spoken, was the most remarkable feminine figure in the Russian annals of the tenth century. Yanka was an ornament of the eleventh century; while Euphrosyne, of Souzdal, whose name in the world was Eudocia, is said by her biographer, the Monk Gregory, to have "acquired all the learning

of Athens; philosophy, rhetoric and all grammar; mathematics and all wisdom." This seems an astonishingly wide range of culture for a Russian nun in the thirteenth century! But Gregory wrote three hundred years after the death of Euphrosyne, at a time when motives other than the mere accurate preservation of oral traditions sometimes guided the pens of the chroniclers. The seventeenth century boasts a remarkable woman in the personality of the mother of the first Romanov Tsar, Michael, who had been forced for political reasons to enter a convent under the name of Martha, during the exile of her husband—afterwards Philaret, Patriarch of Moscow—by Boris Godounov. Russia, however, offers few examples of learning combined with mystical fervour among her nuns. There is no Russian Heloise or Theresa; no women who were to their orders what S. Catherine of Sienna was to the Dominicans, S. Elisabeth of Hungary to the Franciscans, or Mechtild of Magdeburg to the Beguines.

While the number of monks in Russia had declined, the number of nuns had increased towards the close of the last century. They are of two classes: the nuns who have taken solemn vows, and live within the convent walls; and the *Chernitsy* (black-attired women), whose organisation resembles that of the Beguines. These we see every hour of the day, begging from house to house, or holding plates at the doors of the churches. The tendency of the last quarter of a century has been to extend the charitable activities of the sisterhoods. During the Russo-Turkish War, in 1877-1878, sisters of mercy were first organised to nurse the wounded. During the present conflict Russian women of every rank of life have proved their devotion, courage and capacity in the military hospitals. These orders of nursing sisters are not, however, actually nuns, but rather lay sisters.

Occasionally in the vicinity of some famous shrine may still be found a *starets*, or elder, who leads the life of a hermit and enjoys a special reputation for sanctity. Such men

were not always in the highest favour with the regular members of a community, as we may gather from the story of Father Zossima, told by Dostoievsky, in "The Brothers Karamazov." There is another picturesque apparition in Russian religious life: the *strannik*, or pilgrim, with his staff and wallet, who looks to westerners like a survival of mediævalism, or a figure strayed from the opera house, and reminiscent of "Tannhäuser." Among such irregular forces of the faith, there are doubtless some truly devout men who have learned in the rough and tumble of life how to comfort and advise their brothers and sisters; but from their ranks spring occasionally individuals moved by personal vanity, or greed, to play the hypocrite and exploit their calling for abominable ends.

Writing at a moment when all the old landmarks of faith and custom are being thrown down with bewildering rapidity, when the whole country is dazed by an orgy of discussion, and "the soil of common life is too hot to tread upon," we may pause to

ask ourselves whether such thoughts as are gathered together in this volume can ever have any meaning for Russia again. Will they not be to her as a handful of withered leaves rather than a garland of sweet-scented flowers? How is the revolution going to affect devout Russia? Will it beat in vain against the crenelated walls of the old monasteries only to retreat as the tide of Polish invasion rolled back from the Troitsa-Serghievskaya community three centuries ago? Will the presence of the miracle-working Ikons hinder its advance upon the precincts of the religious life, as they sometimes hindered the oncoming of the Tartar horde? This is unlikely; and to those who love Russia undesirable. The age of miracles has not passed, only the miracles themselves have assumed a different aspect and significance. More desirable would it be that the immaterial walls of the monasteries should fall before the trumpet-blasts of social freedom, burying under them all that lingers there of useless formalism, of intel-

lectual and religious stagnation; setting free the "Bodiless Powers" of tranquil piety and mystical experience—all the accumulated spiritual wealth so infinitely more valuable than the gold and precious stones amassed in their *riznitsy*. Then indeed the faith of Old Russia might mingle with the hope of New Russia to work out a splendid future destiny.

"You who love her, would hardly recognise Holy Russia just now," a friend wrote to me a few weeks ago, amid the cross-currents of revolution and counter-revolution. But she wrote from Petrograd, which is not very Russian, and has never been very holy. Her message has not alarmed me much.

The resurrection trumpet has sounded for Russia, and her graves are yawning wide, revealing in all her whited sepulchres masses of corruption, and uncovering, on every side, decayed ideals, in a hundred strange and macabre postures. But assuredly there will also be revealed many *netleny mostchy*—incorruptible relics of the past—and among them the faith of the people, still sweet-

smelling and intact. Then, though it may have been "changed in the twinkling of an eye," and clothed upon with a new body, so that to the vision of the formalist and sentimentalist it may be unrecognisable in its transfigured state, yet devout Russia will still be there. On the hills of Kiev the grace of God will still shine forth; not in the fading glories of sunset, but in the clear radiance of a new day.

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ROSA NEWMARCH

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The Deacon. Wisdom! Let us give heed.

The Divine Liturgy.

THE DEVOUT RUSSIAN

I

THE IDEA OF GOD

THE Heavens, the earth, the sea—in a word the whole world—is God's great and admirable book, which is the silent revelation of His word.

St. Gregory, Dialogus.

EVERY creature expresses in itself a thought of God. And since God's thought is perfect and complete, it follows that every creature, by nature and form, includes in itself all perfection and completeness. True, we are in the habit of speaking of some of God's creatures as repulsive. But this is very foolish. If we examine closely the organisms of these apparently repulsive creatures, we shall be astonished at their marvellous structure. It may even be said that the more unimportant these specimens of reptile or insect life—creatures which are almost imperceptible to our eyes—the more

perfect are they in themselves. We know but little of Nature, therefore we judge so superficially. No, when we say: "Wondrous art Thou, God, and wondrous Thy works," we are acknowledging that every creature in its kind is perfect, that each one is closely linked to other creatures, and that all were created for some special and indispensable purpose.

Innocent, Archbishop of Kherson.

IN truth God is great! And He alone is great both in the mighty and the small things of earth.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

IF we desire to love the ways of God they will be made plain to us.

Idem.

WE ought to rejoice that God is not intelligible to us, because He will remain a subject of investigation through all eternity. If the mind could comprehend Him it would be deprived of activity, and that would be a condition of torment.

Innocent, Archbishop of Kherson.

THERE is no name which can completely express God: therefore it is impossible to apprehend Him entirely.

S. Chrysostom.

IN every place we find God, but no one place includes Him.

S. Cyril of Jerusalem.

WHY are some life-weary? Because they cannot find a subject which can occupy every side of their nature and wholly satisfy them. There is but one such subject: God and His decrees and verities. Let them give their work, time and attention to Him and they will never know boredom. On the contrary they will feel themselves in Paradise, for nothing can compare with the joy of God-ward thought and the singing of His praise. Having experience of this, the Holy Fathers continually devoted themselves to such exercise; and for the same reason the Holy Church bids us pray several times during the day.

Theophane, Bishop of Vladimir.

TO be with God is to possess a home and country everywhere; without God home and country are but captivity and exile.

With God all is well with us, even in poverty and suffering—even in hell itself; without Him, heaven and paradise are as naught.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

SEEK eternally that which is eternal.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

O MY soul! God is ever near thee, and yet thou livest as though He were afar from thee.

It depends on ourselves whether we will remain far from God, for He is ever to be found close at hand. To be near or far from Him depends upon a man himself, because God is everywhere.

S. Chrysostom.

GOD is everywhere and in all things, equally in great and small things, and always above all things.

S. John Damascene.

BEFORE the greatness of God nothing is great, and before His goodness nothing is small.

O, when will man honour God as he is honoured by Him!

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

IF we would not sin, we must fear the judgments of God; but lest the sinner should despair let him hope in God's mercy.

S. Basil the Great.

AS young children are unable to judge of the actions and conduct of their father, so likewise we are not in a condition to scrutinize with due faith the ways of an all-wise Providence. Sometimes what seems to us to be an error is in reality the highest disposition of God. Sometimes that which in our eyes seems worthy of praise is abominable in God's sight. Do not imagine that God's justice is not present simply because it is not visible to our dim vision.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

DO not seek to pry into the mysterious decrees of God. Even the saints have not ventured to do so.

We will not murmur against His just judgments. We are too ignorant to criticise the ineffable ordinances of God.

S. Basil the Great.

WITHOUT a shadow of doubt God orders our doings better than we should have planned them ourselves.

Idem.

THE complete answers to the various riddles of our destiny will be found there (beyond the flesh-veil). There all will be made manifest, just as all will be well-ordered; but here we live awhile in darkness.

Theophane, Bishop of Vladimir.

WHATSOEVER is profitable for us, God wills it: whatsoever God wills is profitable for us.

S. Chrysostom.

THANK God for all! I never cease to say this continually and in all the vicissitudes of my life.

Idem.

THE school of the Cross is the best of schools. It educates us (1) by giving intelligence to the dull and wisdom to the intelligent; (2) it makes the proud meek and the meek resigned; (3) the wicked good and the good better; (4) the weak strong and the strong invincible.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

A seed has need of rain, so we of tears. As earth needs the plough and the harrow, the soul needs sorrow and suffering, that it may not bring forth bad seed, and that its hardness may be broken to keep it from pride. The earth will not produce anything good except with careful cultivation.

S. Chrysostom.

GOD knows the needs of each man; the measure of strength and the capacity of every one of us. The potter knows how long he must leave the vessel of clay in the

fire, which, if it remained there too long, would be consumed, but would be useless if withdrawn too soon. How much more, then, does God know the degree of fire needed for us Christians, who are his living vessels, before we can be made fit for the Kingdom of Heaven?

Ignatius, Bishop of the Caucasus.

THROUGH joy or sorrow let the unseen hand of Providence lead me, if only it guides me to my celestial home at last!

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

Life.

A FLEETING gift—a lovely gift—
Life—wherefore given to me?
Head answers not; "Life's given to live,"
The Heart makes answer free.

In God's world all is beautiful!
For He's in it concealed;
But in the feelings—in the song—
In reason—He's revealed.

To know Him in His Universe,
To see in soul, revere,
This means in truth to live with God,
And that's Life's meaning here!

Klushnikov.

(*From "Russian Songs and Lyrics," translated by J. Pollen, LL.D.*)

II

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

DOST thou desire to see a miracle every day? Then meditate daily upon the Incarnation and Passion of Christ.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

IF iron is placed in the fire it becomes wholly penetrated by the heat, but it does not become the fire itself; it is the same with Jesus Christ, in that each of His natures (divine and human) kept its essential property and remained what it had been before.

Eugene Popov, Protopriest.

WITH all its ingenuity and subtlety of passion how shortsighted is the wit of mankind! Men believed that in delivering Jesus up to death they were only doing that which they themselves fervently desired. But it proved that in carrying out their own wishes they were fulfilling that which the love of Heaven, and the love of the Son of God desired.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

JESU, BLESSED SILENCE
Ikon of Old Believer type

AS Christ by His Resurrection burst the gates of Hades and opened a way out for those who believed in Him, so by His Ascension He flung open the portals of Heaven and showed a way in for the faithful.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

IF the creation of the world is the *act* of God's love, the atonement through the death of His Son is the *miracle* of God's love.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

HE does not possess Christ whose thoughts and actions are not Christlike.

If thou wouldst be in all things with thy Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, then, visualising Him with thy mind's eye, ask thyself often: what would Christ think, say, or do, in this particular case?

In order to be humble we must know how to imitate Christ.

S. Basil the Great.

THINK of Christ in the manger and the darkness, and thou wilt not covet a luxurious dwelling.

Think of Christ stripped and clothed in the garments of shame and mockery, and thou wilt not be desirous of rich apparel. Think of the gall and vinegar of which Christ tasted, and thou wilt not hanker after high living.

Remember Christ, of Whom it was written, "My knees are weak through fasting" (Psalm CIX, 24), and to fast will be sweet to thee and more nutritious than a feast.

Remember Christ, how He poured out His blood, and for whom; remember Him Who when He was raised upon the Cross prayed for those who crucified Him, and thou wilt think no more of revenge, but wilt generously forgive thine enemies.

Remember Christ, Who ascended with glory into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of the Father; think upon His promise which He spake: "Where I am, there shall also my servant be," and to thee the yoke of His service will seem blessed and sweet.

"Where I am there shall also my servant be." Where is Christ? In heaven. Therefore we are translated there, mind and soul, even now, before (the) resurrection.

S. Chrysostom.

*The Myrrh-bearing Women.**

IN the dusk and silence of the night, broken by the crowing of the cocks, two Women passed rapidly along the stony, winding path to the dwelling of Joseph of Arimathæa, in whose garden was laid the body of the Son of Man. They went on without a pause, looking like little dark purple patches in the dense measureless obscurity of the chilly Palestine night. The dawn had hardly yet begun to glow and to recall to rosy life the darkness of night.

One of the Women, who always kept ahead of her companion, was clad in a yellow drapery, which entirely enveloped her head, shoulders and body; beneath it, almost touching the dusty path, showed a green woollen tunic. The other Woman was dressed all in blue; she also was covered completely by her mantle, which fell in pliant folds. They were two women of the people, common women, myrrh-bearers: Mary Magdalene and the other Mary. At midnight, trembling with fear and shame, because it was considered disgraceful for women to go forth at that

* See also the Liturgical Section.

hour, they had been obliged to leave their home in order to reach Joseph's house with the first gleam of the dawn. For them there had been no sleep, no repose.

"Who will move away the heavy grave-stone for us?" thought the myrrh-bearing women on their way. . . . .

All was still in darkness as the myrrh-bearers approached Joseph's house. The Magdalene's companion paused, tired out by their hasty journey. The Magdalene went on alone, and the nearer she came to the tomb, the clearer became her recollection of the day of His interment.

She remembered how she had gone with Him to Golgotha, when the others had strayed away. . . . She, with the Sorrowing Mother and John, had never left the Cross, when some had fled, and others had looked and passed on. There came back to her memory the savage, frightful faces of the crowd in their unchained evil passions . . . . . the mockery of the high priests; the crown of thorns; the Saviour's tormenting thirst.

She still heard His gentle words borne from His Cross to that of the thief.

The darkening of the sun . . . The moment of terror. . . . The words: "It is finished!"

And Mary hastened on her way to the tomb. Now the house of Joseph of Arimathæa became visible, and the way into the garden which Mary knew. The entrance stood open; the guard which the chief priest had set was gone. Mary was greatly astonished at this and could not understand it.

The myrrh-bearer turned into the garden and went along the familiar stone-paved path. There were the same olive trees, the same branches, the same leaves, the same hollows in the stones. Only all was alight with the gold and rose of the dawn, which reddened the olive trees and glinted on their leaves.

And now the myrrh-bearer was close to the tomb and remembered that here—where the morning light was now beginning to fall—heavy darkness was then lying. Then, torches were burning; the funeral lights had gleamed. Here His body had been laid. She herself had helped to wrap the shroud around it; her trembling hands had arranged the folds.

"Do not weep, women."

Mary seemed to recall words like these. Who spoke them? Where had she heard them?

But now she remembered that there had crept over the pale features of the Saviour, Who was then lying in the tomb, a great black shadow. It was the shadow of the stone that was lowered—lowered . . . then nothing more. "Who now will roll back this stone for us?"

Once again Mary stood by the sepulchre. The dawnlight scarcely reveals it in the shadows. But the stone is no longer there! It has been rolled away from the grave. Impetuously she stoops down, and, with looks of fear, her eyes search the depths of the grave. It is empty. The Sleeper has vanished.

Who has done this? Did not the chief priests set a watch? Where are they? What does it all mean? Her thoughts are whirling in her head. But the heavenly dawn has done its work, and the golden rays of light which lie around on the tombstones, the hollows, the branches and leaves of the olive trees, swiftly penetrate her confused and darkened consciousness. Did He not say He would rise again? It means—that He *is* risen! Risen from the dead!

She pressed her hand to her heart, throbbing madly with joy. Running in haste, breathless,

trembling with emotion, flushed by the morning light, she appeared to His disciples, the first bearer of the great tidings of the Resurrection.

K. K. Slushevsky.

III

GRACE

GRACE is the presence of our God within us. The most brilliant mathematical proof of a truth is not worthy to compare as evidence with the operations of grace when the heart is open to receive it.

Count Speransky

GRACE is to man's spirit what breath is to physical existence. A man without breath is a dead body; a Christian without grace is not a Christian but a dead soul.

Petër, Bishop of Tomsk.

HAVING created us without our co-operation, He decreed that we should not be saved against our will.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

GOD does not force the unwilling, but draws to Himself only those who desire to come. He does not act in this way in

order that those who are unwilling to believe should find it impossible, but rather that from being unwilling they should become willing.

The earth brings forth nothing without rain, and without the earth rain would be useless; in the same way grace cannot work without the co-operation of a man himself, nor the human will without the co-operation of grace.

S. Chrysostom.

GOD'S grace and man's efforts should work together. The field only brings forth a harvest when God blesses and we labour it.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

A TARNISHED mirror cannot reflect any image clearly; nor can the soul that is pre-occupied with worldly ambitions and darkened by carnal passions reflect in itself the light of the Holy Spirit.

S. Basil the Great.

AS the magnet does not attract everything that approaches it, but only steel, so also God, though He draws near to all, only attracts those who are ready, and who manifest some kinship with Him (in the sense that their wills and feelings are in accord with God, Who desires to save all men).

Theophil, Archbishop of Bulgaria.

IV

FAITH

FAITH is the soul of a nation. When it is extinguished a people becomes a mere lifeless corpse, which is rapidly decomposed and given over to corruption.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

ALL great periods in the history of a state have also been periods when religion has flourished (consequently faith, without which religion is unthinkable), and its decadence inevitably leads to the downfall of the state and the breaking up of the national life.

What can be expected from a people when it breaks away in fury from its most reliable restraints—the ordinances of the Holy Faith ?

Idem.

FAITH without works is dead ; for this is the faith of the intellect, not of the heart, or of life.

Philaret, Archbishop of Moscow.

GIVE thy whole life and soul to faith, that it may be the chief thought of thy days; then thy whole life will be the expression of thy faith.

As it is the property of fire to give out heat; of water to exhale moisture; of light to illuminate; so a living faith manifests itself naturally in good works.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

WITHOUT oil the lamp will not burn: without faith none can assimilate good thoughts.

S. Ephraim of Syria.

WITHOUT due attention it is impossible to become proficient in music; still less can the inattentive soul catch the sound of the Hidden Voices.

S. Chrysostom.

The Prophet.

WITH spiritual thirst sore spent,
I wandered through the desert grim,
And at the crossways, as I went,
One of the six-winged Seraphim
Stood: like a passing dream he slid

S. NIKITA, MARTYR
Ikon of the Stroganov School

His fingers o'er each weary lid,
And like a startled eagle's eyes,
Mine eyes grew wide to prophecies.
And then mine ears he touched, and they
Were filled with sound and din straightway;
I heard Heaven shudder, and the flight
Of angel-legions through the height;
And creatures moving 'neath the seas,
And, in the vales, the growth of trees.
Then, to my lips inclining, he
Tore out my sinful tongue from me,
And with it levity and lies;
While 'twixt my failing lips he set
A serpent's tongue, astute and wise;
And his right hand with blood was wet.
Next with his sword he clave apart
My breast; plucked out my trembling heart,
And in my bosom thrust instead
A living coal, all lambent red.
And as upon the waste I lay
Like a dead man, I heard God say:
"Prophet, arise! Arise, give heed!
Hear thou My will, and do the same;
O'er earth and ocean thou shalt speed,
And with My word men's hearts inflame.

Poushkin
(*Translated by Rosa Newmarch*).

V

MAN'S RELATION TO GOD

FIRST the honour of God; then the care of others.

Seek that which is God's, and that which pertains to man will follow easily.

Be careful for God and He will care for thee.

S. Chrysostom.

CONSIDER every moment lost in which thou dost not think upon God.

Those hours in which thou dost not think of Him, and in which no good and noble thoughts pass through thy mind and spirit—regard them all as lost.

Devote the beginning of the day and night to prayer, thanking God for the past and asking His blessing for the future; and, for the rest of the day, out of the hours which the world and its works usurp, snatch at least a few minutes in which to remember God, secretly uplifting to Him thy heart,

thy thoughts, in worship, gratitude and prayer. Exercise thyself thus constantly and attentively, and thou wilt experience that which the Psalmist describes.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

GOD will never abandon thee; fear only lest thou shouldst abandon Him (lest He should be abandoned by thee).

Remember Him at all times, and He will remember thee when thou art in distress.

S. Isaac of Syria.

A MAN can, and does, lose himself; but he cannot save himself without God.

Likewise a man can create evil and sin of himself; but he can create nothing good without God.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

NOT in the might, but in the right, of God.

S. Alexander Nevsky.

THE fear of God humbles a man, but it also uplifts him.

He who most fears God will fear nothing else in the world.

P. Sokolov, Protopriest.

GOD is the lover of mankind, as we all acknowledge Him to be. Men should therefore be lovers of God. How can we fail to love God? We live, breathe and move in Him. Is it not surprising, perverse, contrary even to common sense, to turn our hearts towards that which is not of God and may work our ruin?

The worthy Makary, the disciple of S. Anthony (of Pechersk), walking one day with members of his community, overheard a boy saying to his mother: "A rich man is fond of me, and I know not why, but I dislike him; but a poor man dislikes me, and yet I love him." Hearing this, Makary was perplexed, and pondered upon it. "What has come over you?" enquired the brethren. The holy man replied: "The words which I overheard mean as follows:—The Lord is rich in goodness and daily gives us proofs of His fatherly love, but we, senseless creatures, know not how to value His gifts; but the coarse, mean and evil spirit that hates us, and, like a wolf, goes howling around, seeking to devour us, we, poor blind fools, are ready to love him, and are not ashamed to abase ourselves before him."

If you saw a stream checked in its rapid

course by a scrap of paper, you would be greatly astonished. We present a similar spectacle when for a trifling reason we turn our course from God and let our minds and imaginations be attracted by trivial matters, which prevent us from drawing nearer to Him in unity of love.

S. Maxim, Confessor.

WE ought to possess three hearts: one for God—the pure heart; one for our fellow-creatures—the compassionate heart; and one for ourselves—the indignant heart.

Adrian Yougsky.

LOVE, and thou wilt invariably act justly without being conscious of it thyself. This spiritual principle will teach thee how to behave under all circumstances.

Innocent, Archbishop of Kherson.

LOVE all in God, and love God in all. It is the most grievous insult to permit the world to enter into rivalry with Him. Our all-powerful Creator has no equal and

therefore does not wish to share our love with others, but requires our whole heart; and although we are commanded to love our fellow-creatures, He does not desire that this should be the smallest hindrance to our loving Him with all our soul.

Theophane Prokopovich.

LOVE thyself only for God's sake, and a little for thy fellow-creatures' sake. Love thy fellow-men for His sake, and love God for Himself alone, and above all else.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

THE world and all that is in the world are of no value to him to whom God is all in all. The man who possesses Him is rich; he who is without Him is poor.

S. Basil the Great.

IF thou art often weary it is because thou dost not yet love God. When the bride loves her husband she knows not the meaning of poverty, darkness, or heaviness of spirit while she is with him; she is only downcast

when she is separated from him; for then, indeed, neither riches nor pleasures can console her. If this is human affection, what is the love of God? Love the Lord, and rejoice in Him with all thy heart, and thou wilt know neither dulness nor weariness, but the experience of joy and sweetness unspeakable, for thy spirit shall ever dwell in comfort.

Zossima, the Ascetic.

VI

PRAYER

PRAYER is the golden key which unlocks for us the treasure house of God's mercy and bounteousness.

Dmitri, Archbishop of Volhynia.

WITHOUT prayer our spiritual life thirsts, languishes, and expires.

S. Chrysostom.

TEARS at prayer-time are as a refreshing bath to the spirit; but after thy prayers remember for what cause thou didst weep.

S. Nilus of Sinai.

NOT to love prayer signifies that we do not love God Himself. As a fish lives in and by water, so the soul that loves God lives in and by prayer. The loving soul is continually thirsting for and striving for converse with its beloved Creator. This tendency is sometimes so strong in them who ardently love their God that they have

been known to pray in sleep with such fervour that they were awakened by their heartfelt tears of repentance. Of such as these it is said in The Song of Songs: "I sleep, but my heart waketh"; that is to say, I sleep, but my heart keeps watch, loves God, seeks God, prays to God, is comforted by God. I sleep, but my heart slumbers not; it burns, it shines forth, it sojourns in Heaven.

Jacob, Archbishop of Nijny-Novgorod.

HOWEVER numerous your daily avocations, however hard the work by which you earn your daily bread, you will doubtless be able to give some portion of the first hours of the day and night to prayerful intercourse with God; while during the day you can find a few moments in which to turn your thoughts Godward. If possible, do not give up praying even in your busiest hours. "Work with your hands and pray with your lips," says a holy anchorite. "The hands at work, the lips at prayer." The act of prayer should precede all else, because, without it, it is impossible to accomplish any other good action perfectly.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

WHY has our sincere prayer for each other such great power over others? Because by cleaving to God during prayer I become one spirit with Him, and unite with myself, by faith and love, those for whom I pray, for the Holy Ghost acting in me also acts at the same time in them, for He accomplishes all things.

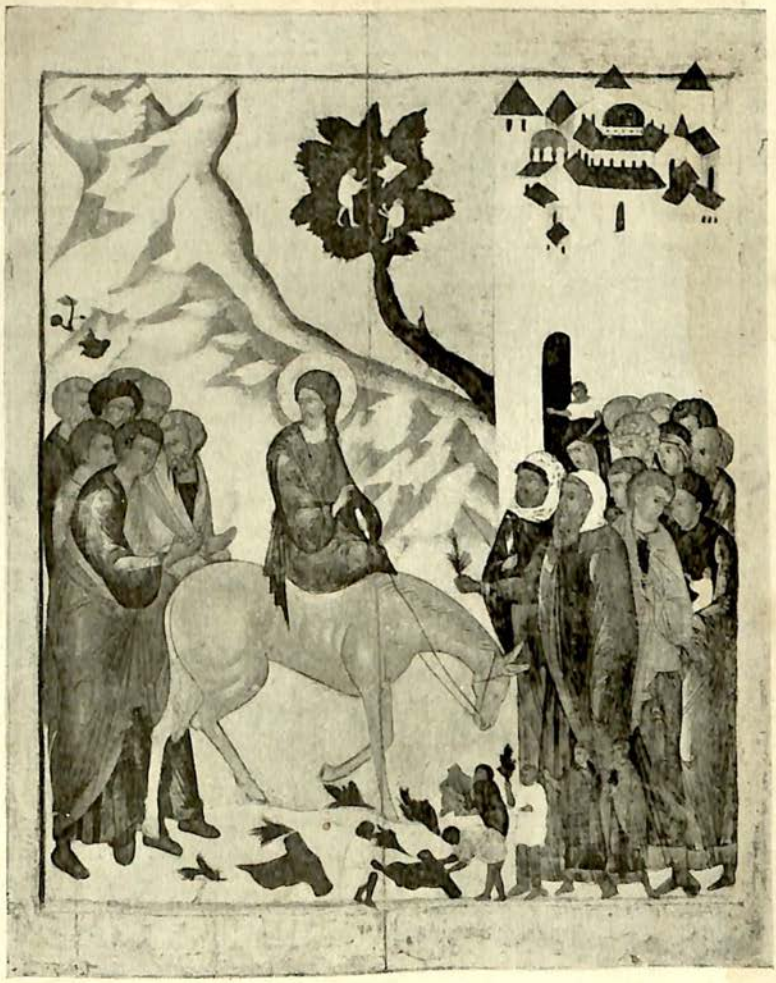
Father John of Cronstadt.

TO pray only with our lips is like entreating the empty air; for God, unlike men, heeds only the spirit, not the words.

S. Peter of Damascus.

PRAYER, as direct intercourse with God, is in itself our highest blessing, often far above the boon which a man actually asks, and the merciful God, in not fulfilling his demand, leaves the supplicant still with his supplication, in order that he may not lose this greater blessing (of prayer) by receiving the lesser good which he has asked.

Ignatius, Bishop of the Causasus.



THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM
School of Novgorod, late XV cent.

PRAYER should begin by driving away all external thoughts the very moment they appear; its central phase consists in giving our whole minds to the words we are pronouncing or meditating; and in its final accomplishment it should transport us in ecstasy to God.

S. John Climacus.

A PEASANT woman was carrying a little babe in her arms, which smiled up at her for the first time in its life. I watched her crossing herself devoutly. "What are you doing, my dear?" I asked. "Each time God in heaven beholds a sinner praying to Him with all his heart, He feels the same gladness as a mother who sees the first smile on her baby's face." This was her answer to me; this profound, subtle and truly religious thought which expresses the very essence of Christianity—the whole conception of God as a Father, and of His joy in man, as a father rejoices in his own child. This is the fundamental conception of Christ.

Dostoievsky.

EVERY time you pray, if your prayer is sincere, there will be new feeling and new meaning in it, which will give you fresh courage, and you will understand that prayer is an education.

Idem.

Prayer.

At moments when some sorrow grips
My heart, and life is dark with woe,
Springs, all unbidden, to my lips
A wondrous prayer, learnt long ago.

There is a blessed power for good
Unchained when living words can be
Combined in prayer, scarce understood,
Yet filled with holy ecstasy,

That from the callous spirit clears
A heavy load of doubt and pain,
And to believe, and to shed tears,
Comes easily to us again.

Lermontov.

(*Translated by Rosa Newmarch.*)

VII

LITURGICAL

The Conclusion of Great Vespers.

The Deacon.

Let us complete our evening prayer to the Lord.

The Choir. Lord have mercy (*Gospody pomyli nass*).

Succour us, save us, have mercy on us, and keep us, O God, by Thy grace.

The Choir. Lord have mercy.

An evening all-perfect, hallowed, peaceful, and sinless, let us ask of the Lord.

The Choir. Grant it, O Lord.

An angel of peace, a faithful guide and guardian of our souls and bodies, let us ask of the Lord.

The Choir. Grant this, O Lord.

Forgiveness and remission of our sins and trespasses, let us ask of the Lord.

The Choir. Grant this, O Lord.

That which is good and profitable for our souls and bodies, and peace to the world, let us ask of the Lord.

The Choir. Grant this, O Lord.

That the rest of our days may be spent in peace and penitence, let us ask of the Lord.

The Choir. Grant this, O Lord.

A Christian end to our life, painless, without reproach, peaceful; and a good defence before the last Judgment Seat of Christ, let us ask of the Lord.

The Choir. Grant this, O Lord.

Having in remembrance our most holy, undefiled, blessed and glorious Lady, Mother of God, and ever-virgin Mary, with all the Saints, let us commend

ourselves, and one another, and all our life unto Christ our God.

The Choir. Unto Thee, O Lord.

* * * *

The Benediction.

The Priest.

Blessed be the majesty of Thy Kingdom, of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, now and for ever, and unto ages of ages.

The Choir. Amen.

Prayer.

From the Panikhidy or Requiem Office for the Dead.

Priest. O God of all spirits and all flesh, Who hast trodden death under foot, overcome the devil, and given life to Thy world: do Thou, the same Lord, give rest to the soul of Thy departed servant (N.) in a place of light, a place of verdure, a place of peace, whence suffering, sorrowing and sighing have fled away; forgive every sin committed by

him (her) in thought, word or deed, for Thou art a gracious God and lovest man, and there is no man living who hath not sinned. Thou only art sinless; Thy righteousness abideth for evermore, and Thy word is true.

Thou art the Resurrection, and the Life, and repose of Thy servant, fallen asleep (N.), O Christ our God, and unto Thee we offer praise, together with Thy Father Who was from the beginning, and Thine all-holy, good and life-giving Spirit, now, and ever, and unto ages of ages.

Choir. Amen.

Extracts from the Stanzas (Stihhiri) by S. John Damascene.

Sung during the Order of the Burial of the (Dead Priests.).

What earthly sweetness is unmixed with grief? What glory standeth immutable on earth? All things are but shadows most feeble, most deluding dreams: one moment only, and Death shall supplant them all. But in the light of Thy countenance, O Christ, and in the sweetness of Thy beauty,

give rest unto him Thou hast chosen: forasmuch as Thou lovest mankind.

Verse. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

Come, let us gaze upon the marvel that is past understanding: he who but yesterday was with us now lieth dead. Come, let us learn how that, in a little while, we also shall end in the swathing bands of death. . . . . Wherefore, my brethren beloved, let us meditate upon the brevity of our life and entreat of Christ rest for him who hath been translated hence: and for our souls' great mercy.

Verse. Deliver my soul, O Lord, from the mouths of the ungodly.

Lo, here I lie, my brethren beloved, silent and voiceless amid you all. My mouth is idle, my tongue is stopped and my lips are curbed; my hands are bound, and my feet are fettered; my semblance is changed, mine eyes are quenched, and behold not those who make moan; mine ears receive not the wail of the mourners, my nose per-

ceiveth not the sweet fragrance of the incense. But true love can in nowise die. Wherefore I beseech all my dear ones: Remember me before the Lord in the Day of Judgment, that I may find mercy at that dread Judgment Seat.

Verse. I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.

Where is earthly predilection? Where is the pomp of the ephemeral creatures of a day? Where are the gold and the silver? Where is the multitude of household servants and their clamour? All dust, all ashes, all shadows. But come let us cry aloud unto the King Immortal: O Lord, Thine eternal good things vouchsafe unto him who hath been translated from us, giving him rest in Thy blessedness, which waxeth not old.

Verse. I rejoiced when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Thy creative command was my origin and my foundation: for Thy pleasure it was, out of Nature visible and invisible, to fashion

me, a living creature. From the earth Thou didst shape my body, and didst give me a soul by Thy divine and quickening breath. Wherefore, O Lord, give rest to Thy servant, in the land of the living, in the habitations of the Just.

Verse. Unto Thee have I lifted up mine eyes, O Thou who dwellest in the heavens.

Death which looseth every sorrow is granted unto the race of Adam. For we became subject unto corruption through the eating of the fruit; for we know that as we were made of earth, dust shall we be again, and ashes as we were before. Wherefore with the voice of entreaty let us beseech the Creator that He will grant pardon and mercy unto him who hath been translated hence.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

Come ye all, and behold a sight strange and terrible, familiar unto all, the image to-day beheld; and vex yourselves no longer about temporal things. To-day is the soul severed from the body, and translated to the world eternal; for it setteth out upon a path

which it hath never trod, and goeth to the Judge Who respecteth not persons, where the Angelic Hosts stand round about. . . . Wherefore, let us cry unto the King Immortal: When it shall be Thine to try the secret things of man, spare Thy servant whom Thou hast taken, O Lord, Who loveth mankind.

Part of a Prayer

From the Divine Liturgy of S. Basil the Great.

Keep in mind, O Lord, the congregation assembled here, and those who have stayed away for reasonable causes; have mercy on them and on us according to the multitude of Thy mercies; fill their storehouses with all good things; maintain their marriage-bonds in peace and concord; rear the babes; guide the young; uphold the aged; comfort the faint-hearted; collect the scattered; turn back those who have gone astray and re-unite them to Thy Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. Set free those who are tormented by unclean spirits; voyage with those that voyage; journey with those that journey; defend the widows; deliver the captives; heal the sick; keep in mind those

who are on their trial; those in the mines, and in exile, and bitter slavery, and in all affliction, and need, and tribulation. Remember, O God, all who entreat Thy great loving-kindness; also those who love us and those who hate us, and those who have bidden us, unworthy as we are, to pray for them. Keep in mind, O Lord, all Thy people and pour upon them Thy bounteous mercy, granting unto all such of their petitions as are expedient for salvation. And those whom we, through ignorance, or forgetfulness, or because of the multitude of names, have not called to remembrance, do Thou Thyself remember, O God, Who knowest the age and name of each one, and knowest every one, even from his mother's womb. For Thou, O Lord, art the Helper of the helpless, the Hope of the hopeless, the Saviour of the tempest-tost, the Haven of the traveller, the Healer of the sick. Be Thou, Thyself, all things unto all men, Thou, Who knowest each one, and his petition, his dwelling and his need.

Tropar from the All-Night Vigil.

Refrain. Blessed art Thou, O Lord: teach me Thy statutes.

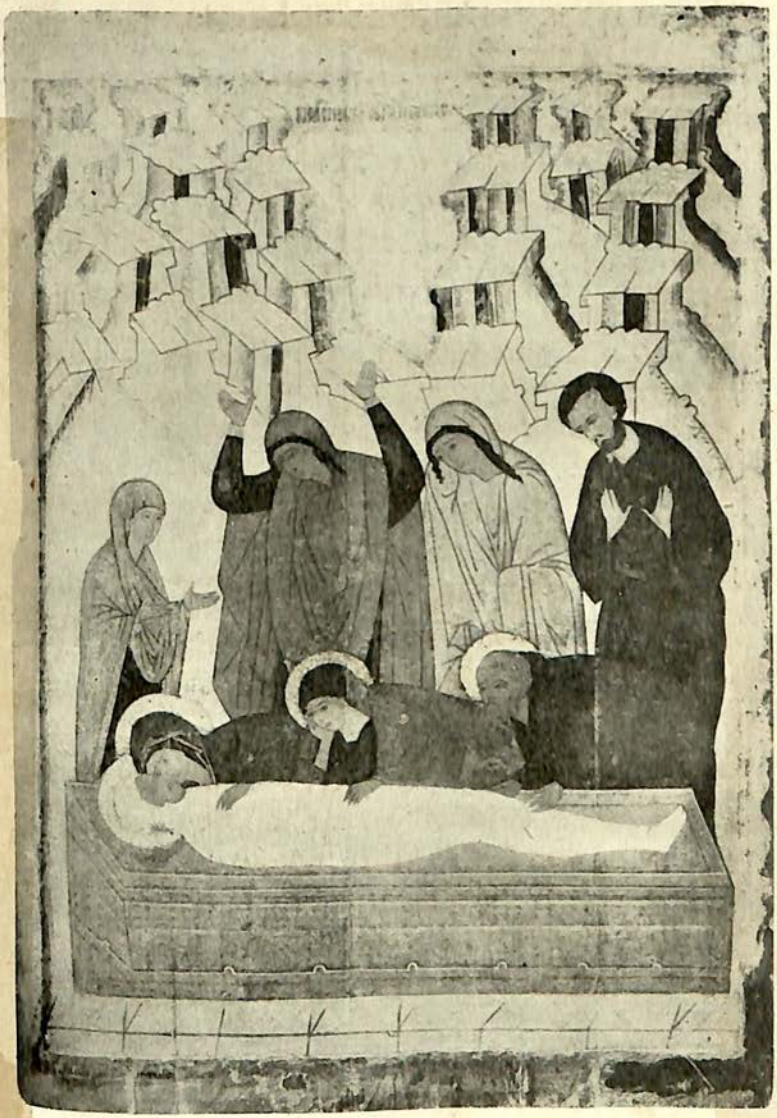
The company of the Angels was amazed when they beheld Thee numbered among the dead, yet Thyself, O Saviour, destroying the power of death, and with Thee raising up Adam and releasing all men from Hades. (*Refrain.*)

Wherefore, O Women Disciples, do ye mingle sweet-smelling spices with your tears of pity? The radiant Angel within the sepulchre cried unto the Myrrh-bearing Woman :* Behold the grave and understand, for the Saviour is risen from the tomb. (*Refrain.*)

Very early in the morning did the Myrrh-bearing Women run lamenting unto Thy Tomb; but an Angel came towards them saying: The time for lamentation is passed; weep not; but announce unto the Apostles the Resurrection. (*Refrain.*)

The Myrrh-bearing Women mourned as, bearing unguents, they drew nearer to Thy tomb, O Saviour. But the Angel spake

* See also page 63.



THE ENTOMBMENT
School of Novgorod, XV cent.

unto them, saying: Why number ye the living among the dead? In that He is God He is risen from the grave. (*Refrain.*)

Part of an Easter Prayer of S. Chrysostom.

If any man be devout and loves God, let him delight in this beautiful and radiant festival. If any man be a prudent servant, let him enter with gladness into the joy of his Lord. If any be worn with long fasting, let him now receive payment. If any have worked from the first hour, let him receive this day his just reward. If anyone has come after the third hour, let him keep the feast with thanksgiving. If anyone has come at the sixth hour, let him have no misgivings, for he shall assuredly lose nothing.

If anyone has delayed till the ninth hour, let him draw near without fear. If any have waited even until the eleventh hour, let him not be afraid because he cometh late; for the Master, Who is generous, will receive the last even as the first; He giveth refreshment unto him that cometh at the eleventh hour, even as unto him who laboured from the first hour. He showeth mercy unto the last;

He careth for the first; and unto the former He giveth, and unto the latter He bestoweth gifts. He accepteth the work and welcometh the intention; He honoureth the deed and praiseth the good will. Wherefore enter ye all into the joy of your Lord; receive your recompense, both ye that were first and ye that were second. Rich and poor together holding festival; sober and heedless together honouring the day. . . . . Let none bewail his iniquities for pardon has arisen from the grave. Let none fear death, for the Saviour's death has redeemed us. He hath destroyed death by being captive to it. He, by descend- into Hades, hath made Hades captive. Hades was angry when it tasted of His flesh. Isaiah foretold this, saying: Hades was wroth when it encountered Thee below. It was wroth, for it was abolished. It was wroth, for it was mocked. It was wroth, for it was slain. It was wroth, for it was bound fast. It took a body, and confronted God. It took clay and encountered Heaven. It took the visible and was undone by the invisible. O death, where is thy sting? O Hades, where is thy victory? Christ is risen, and thou art cast down. Christ is risen and the demons have fallen. Christ is risen, and the

Angels rejoice. Christ is risen, and life reigneth. Christ is risen, and none is left dead in the grave. For Christ, being risen from the dead, is become the firstfruits of those that have fallen asleep. To Him be glory and dominion unto ages of ages. Amen.

VIII

LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOURS

WE must have a brotherly heart for our fellow-men, because God has a fatherly heart for us.

P. Sokolov, Protopriest.

RESPECT the image of God in *every man*. If thy fellow-creature is unworthy of thy love in thy opinion, he is worthy in the sight of God, whose image he bears within him, and worthy also before Christ whose blood was shed for him.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

AS a hearth without fire can give out no heat, so a man who has not God within him cannot love his fellows.

Jacob, Archbishop of Nijny-Novgorod.

IN a circle the rays converge to the centre, and the closer they are to the central point the nearer they draw together; while

the further they are from the centre the greater the distance between them. Even so with men; the further from God the further from each other.

Love God and thou wilt love all His children. He who truly loves God cannot help loving his neighbour.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

HE is no true Christian who will not help his fellow-man because he is a Lutheran, a Jew, or a Turk.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

LOVE the sinner, but hate his sin.

S. Isaac of Syria.

LOOKING into the bosom of this our gold-bearing earth, the ignorant are apt to despise it, but those who know better do not despise it, because precious metal is concealed there. In the same way, looking upon a man we are inclined to despise him for his unattractive exterior, his lack of culture, his uncouthness, his disorderly ways, his vices or shortcomings; but do not look

upon him with contempt, because in this formless clod there lurks gold—a man, and, above all, a soul.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

THE drawback of solitude is that it makes us too exclusively occupied with ourselves. Even if this preoccupation has for its ultimate end the perfecting of our characters, it is dangerous in so far as its aims are directed to ourselves individually. To think only of ourselves, to spend our days in self-examination and in listening to our own inner voices, even if this is done with a view to correcting our shortcomings, seems to me a wrong method of arriving at that self-detachment which is enjoined upon us. A single hour devoted frankly and unreservedly to the service of our fellow-men is, in my opinion, worth days spent in scrutinizing ourselves under a microscope.

Mme. Bagreiev-Speransky.

O LORD, my God, is it right or wrong—this desire for solitude which increases with advancing years. Is it not a sin against

our neighbour to endure with such ill-grace the worries he causes us?

Idem.

AT the sight of one in trouble we must forget everything but his misfortune.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

A MAN may inhabit a wretched hovel, but perhaps his soul is dwelling with God the Three in One.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

SEEMETH it hard to thee when none will share thy burden? Then hasten to share the burdens of others.

Idem.

IF we wish men to believe in us we must live righteously; and if we wish to be loved we must love others.

S. Isidore of Pelusium.

MY brothers and sisters who are zealous after piety, it may happen to you to hear, perhaps not seldom, and mostly from members of your household, that you are a

disagreeable, intolerable person. . . . . "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Correct yourself of your faults and hold fast to piety. . . . . However, look upon yourself impartially. Are you not indeed difficult in your character, especially to those of your household? Perhaps you are morose, unkind, unsociable, taciturn. Expand your heart for sociability and kindness, though not to over-indulgence and connivance; be gentle, not provoking, calm in reproof. Be patient, do not find fault for everything. Bear some things, passing them by in silence and appear not to see them.

Father John of Cronstadt.

IN this world be one with others in mutual love and service; then not only the Angels and Saints will be one with you, but even God himself, here, and still more in the future world when God shall "be all in all."

Idem.

THE good of each man is included in that of his fellow-man, and his neighbour's good is included in his own.

S. Chrysostom.

WE should prefer every man to ourselves. It is the duty and privilege of each of us to live for all.

S. Basil the Great.

OUR friendship may be given to good people; our respect to the pious; our first and closest care to our relatives; but our love must be given to all men, and our help to everyone who needs it.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

BE not a lover of self and thou wilt be a lover of God; be not a self-pleaser and thou wilt be a lover of thy brethren.

S. Maxim, Confessor.

STRIVE with all thy might to wrong no one, and keep a pure heart towards all men.

Father Pimen.

NO man can injure another without injuring himself.

He who has harmed no man has nothing to fear.

He who is the occasion of sin or offence to another cannot be possessed of wisdom.

S. Chrysostom.

AS the worm eats into a tree and ruins it in time, so malice, if it be nourished in a man's heart will end by consuming it.

Father Isaiah.

THE world is endowed with much poverty and sorrow! It is necessary that the children of God should be equally endowed with sympathy and good works.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

BROTHERS, have no fear of men's sin. Love a man even in his sin, for that is the semblance of Divine Love and is the highest love on earth.

Dostoievsky.

UNDOUBTING faith, undoubting hope, undoubting love. Implant these words in your heart, and show them in your life.

Father John of Cronstadt.

THE FORERUNNER (S. JOHN THE BAPTIST)
Ikon of Old Believer type

A Benediction.

("*S. John Damascene.*")

My blessing rest on ye, O woods,
O vales, hills, fields, and watery spaces;
My blessing be on those free places
In bluest heaven where silence broods!
And blessed be the staff I carry,
My wallet, though its load be light,
The desert wide wherein I tarry,
The sunshine and the shades of night.
Blest be the steep and lonely passes
That I, a mendicant, oft tread,
And in the meads the bladed grasses,
And all the stars above my head!
O, might my life in adoration
Be fused and made of these a part;
Might I embrace the whole creation,
Friends, foes, and brethren, might I fold them;
All living creatures, might I hold them
Close to my heart!

Count Alexis Tolstoi.

(*Translated by Rosa Newmarch.*)

IX

BENEFICENCE

THE man who might be helpful and do good, but who neither helps, nor acts, is to be pitied, for he is not worthy of life.

Leonid, Archbishop of Yaroslav.

HOW canst thou pray in church with all the others: "Give us this day," if thou thyself givest nothing to the poor, and yet have the means to give?

How canst thou say with thy lips: "Hear me, O Lord," when thou thyself art deaf to the poor, or, more truly, to Christ Himself, Who crieth unto thee in the guise of a beggar?

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

GIVE temporary happiness to thy fellow-creatures if thou wouldst enjoy eternal bliss; share thy worldly goods with others if thou desirest to taste of heavenly rapture.

Poutyatin, Protopriest.

EVERY tear of gratitude which the poor have shed for thee will shine upon thy tomb like a gem of great price; but every tear which has been shed because of thy hardness of heart and indifference will fall upon thy soul like drops of molten lead before the Judgment Seat of God.

S. Isaac of Syria.

WHEN thou givest to him that is in need, let a cheerful countenance accompany thy gift and kind words console his trouble.

Idem.

THE power of charity does not lie in giving much or little, but in offering what we can.

S. Chrysostom.

IN all my days I do not remember a single charitable man who died an unhappy death. How could he have a miserable end when he had so many mediators to pray for his salvation?

The Blessed Jerome.

WHEN thou showest kindness or charity to another, speak not a word of it; but do not keep silence when others do thee a kindness.

Next to charity the best thing is gratitude. Learn to be grateful and thou wilt also learn to be charitable.

In turning to God with a prayer for a benefactor thou wilt at the same time benefit thine own soul.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

DO not grudge to give to them who ask thee, and turn not away from Him in Whose name thou art entreated.

S. Dmitri of Rostov.

XI

FRIENDSHIP

THERE is nothing in the world more excellent than friendship. It makes the joy of this present life of ours. What is more precious or ennobling than to have someone to whom we can open our hearts, with whom we can share our secrets, and in whom we can believe? What greater comfort than to possess a friend who is sincerely devoted to us, who rejoices in our happiness, sympathises with our sorrows, and gives us advice and consolation in times of perplexity?

S. Ambrose of Milan.

A FRIEND differs from a sycophant in that the latter speaks only pleasant things, whereas the former does not refrain from saying that which may mortify us.

S. Basil the Great.

BETTER to take a false coin than a false friend.

Father Evagry.

DO not choose friends who care more for your good table than your friendship.

With such as visit you to pass away the time, speak of serious things: of Christ, of death and the future life. Then they will either leave your house in a state of edification, or they will come no more to waste your time. Precious is a true friend who shares our joys and sorrows. . . . But such friends are as rare as are all precious things. Therefore the Holy Fathers have bidden us to be very careful how we choose our friends, especially the people to whom we confide our souls.

Do not give your heart to the heart you do not fully trust.

Father Pimen.

LET the record of enmity be written in water that it may soon vanish; but let friendship be inscribed in bronze, that it may be preserved for ever, strong and unchangeable.

S. Isidore of Pelusium.

EVERYTHING except true love is an illusion. If a friend behaves coldly, rudely, spitefully, insolently to you, say—this is an illusion of the enemy ; if a feeling of enmity, arising from your friend's coldness and insolence disturbs you, say—this is an illusion of mine ; but the truth is that I love my friend, in spite of everything, and I do not wish to see evil in him, which is an illusion of the demon, and is in me also ; I will be indulgent to his faults for they are in me also ; we have the same sinful nature.

Father John of Cronstadt.

XI

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

THOU callest thyself the father of thy children in the flesh; then be also their father in the spirit.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

A MOTHER who bears a child, first gives a man to the world, and should, later, give an angel to heaven. The moral state of a child depends almost throughout its life on the influence of the mother. It has been said: "Give us better mothers and we shall have better people."

There is no art equal to the art of education. The painter and the sculptor create merely lifeless images, but the wise teacher creates a living model on whom God and man look with joy.

S. Chrysostom.

SINCE thou knowest how to bring children into the world, know also how to bring them up, that they may worthily bear their father's name.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

CHILDREN who are forgotten by their parents during the time of their education will, in their turn, forget their father and mother after their education is completed.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

IF thou wouldst educate others, first educate thyself in God..

How canst thou keep children in order when thou thyself leadest a disorderly life ?

S. Basil the Great.

HE who keeps children from church deprives them of God and of all real happiness. *I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.*

IN education use neither excessive indulgence nor excessive severity, but be reasonable. The teacher's irritability teaches nothing and only serves to irritate the pupil.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

LOVE children, for they, too, are sinless like the angels ; they live to soften and purify our hearts and as it were to guide us Woe to him who offends a child !

Dostoievsk

YOU pass by a little child, you pass by, spiteful, with ugly words, with wrathful heart; you may not have noticed the child, but he has seen you, and your image, unseemly and ignoble, may remain in his defenceless heart. You don't know it, but you may have sown an evil seed in him, and it may grow, and all because you were not careful before the child, because you did not foster in yourself a careful, actively benevolent love.

Idem.

I HAVE always been struck by seeing how little grown up people understand children, how little parents understand even their own children. Nothing should be concealed from children on the pretext that they are little and that it is too early for them to understand. Grown up people do not know that a child can give exceedingly good advice even in the most difficult cases.

Idem.

XII

YOUTH AND FAITH

GOD desires that you devote your whole life to Him, not merely the worse half. He is a poor Christian who only quits sin when hands and feet begin to fail him.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

THE earthly day invariably ends in gloaming and nightfall; therefore he who loses the morning may have some hope that by evening he will have made up some of what he has lost. But the day of man's life often ends before evening draws on; not infrequently ere mid-day it is suddenly cut short by the night of death.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

STRIVE in youth to eradicate your evil tendencies, habits and passions, before they strike their roots still deeper into your heart.

The longer you postpone it, the more difficult becomes this work which is so essential to your salvation.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

Nurse and Child.

AT first Liza was frightened by the serious, even severe, face of her new nurse, but she soon learned to love her warmly. . . . She and Agafia were never apart. It was curious to see them together. Agafia all in black, with a dark handkerchief on her head, her face emaciated, and of a wax-like transparency. At her feet Liza would be sitting. . . . . Her clear eyes uplifted with a serious expression, listening to what Agafia was telling her. Agafia never told her nursery tales. With a calm and even voice, she used to tell her about the life of the Blessed Virgin, or the lives of the hermits and the people pleasing to God, or about the holy female martyrs. She would tell Liza how the Saints lived in the deserts; how they worked out their salvation, enduring hunger and thirst; and how they did not fear kings, but confessed Christ; and how the birds of the air brought them food, and the wild beasts obeyed them;

how from those spots where their blood had fallen flowers sprang up. ("Were they carnations?" once asked Liza.) Agafia spoke about these things seriously and humbly, as if she felt that it was not for her to pronounce such grand and holy words; and as Liza listened to her, the image of the Omnipresent, Omniscient God entered with a sweet influence into her very soul, filling her with a pure and reverent dread, and Christ seemed to be close to her, and to be a friend, almost as it were a relation. It was Agafia also who taught her to pray.

I. Tourgeniev.

("*Liza*," *translated by W. R. S. Ralston.*)

SIN is like a mountain torrent which increases in volume as it runs its course.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

VIII

FORGIVENESS OF OUR ENEMIES

GOD has given us two capacities, both of which are equally precious to our weak hearts: to remember, and to forget.

Count Bloudov.

MAKE war on sin, make peace with mankind. Do not complain of your friends, rather be sorry for them. Human nature is more often weak than wicked. Most of men's vices are the faults of weakness. Be stern to yourself and lenient to others; forgive yourself nothing and forgive all things in other people. If it is hard to pardon some offences, remember we are Christians. True Christian love consists in refraining even from a just vengeance; leave it in God's hands.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

WHY hate him who injures you? It is not he himself, but the evil spirit within him which injures you. Hate the sickness, but not the sufferer.

Mother Syncletica.

IT is hard for the natural man to forgive injuries; it is still harder for Christians not to forgive them.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

TRUE Christian patience consists not merely in refraining from taking vengeance on him who injures us, but in putting aside the wish to see ourselves revenged, even when the heart is disposed that way.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

PRAYER while the heart is still vindictive is like seed sown in stony places.

S. Isaac of Syria.

PATIENCE and meekness overcome more certainly than recrimination, even though there be just grounds for it.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

HE who keeps hidden in his heart the memory of an injury, harbours, as it were, a snake that gnaws at his vitals.

S. Isaac of Syria.

LIKE some poisons which, though harmful in themselves, are nevertheless curative in illness, our enemies—whether or not they be bad in themselves—work beneficially upon our spiritual ailments.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

Wisdom and Understanding.

THERE is a blessed ignorance, which is better than evil knowledge.

S. Chrysostom.

FLEE from wild and fantastic philosophers who are not ashamed to regard their souls and the soul of a dog as of one and the same kind, and speak of themselves as having once been trees or fish. I do not wish to say whether they were ever fish in a past life or not, but I am prepared to assert with the strongest conviction that they were indeed very silly fish when they wrote such things.

S. Basil the Great.

A CERTAIN King of Egypt commanded that the following inscription should be placed over the entrance to a library which he had founded: "Here is medicine for the soul." Nowadays, on the contrary, there are books which we may unhesitatingly describe as poison for the soul, and we should avoid them as we avoid harmful or poisonous dishes at our table; for reading is to the spirit what food is to the body; and as our bodies assimilate our sustenance, turning it into flesh and blood, so the soul becomes impregnated with the impressions and ideas it imbibes from books.

The ancients believed that there existed creatures which brought death with a single glance; so it is with an immoral book, the reading of which is a first and fatal shock to the soul, which is inevitably followed by further shocks.

A good book is like a dear and gentle friend.

Adrian Yougsky.

THE highest science is to be wise, and the highest wisdom is to be good.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

XIV

MEEKNESS OF HEART

SELF-REPROACH is the beginning of salvation.

Father Evagry.

GREAT is he who feels his insignificance before God.

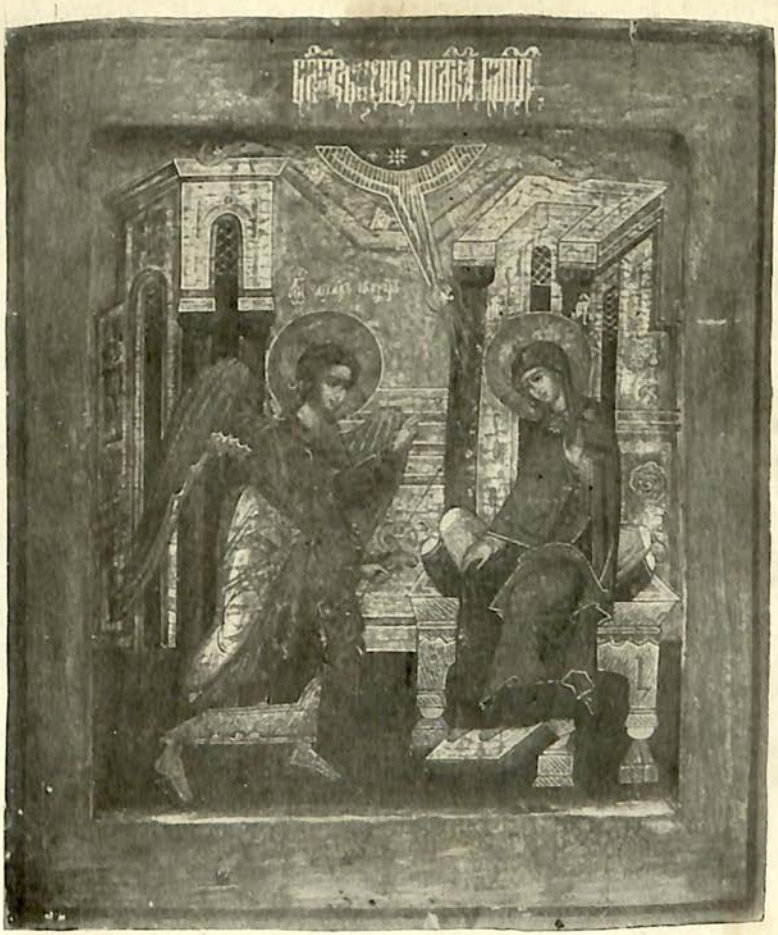
Karamzin.

MANY have received salvation without censure or enlightenment, without signs and wonders; but without humility none will enter the heavenly abode.

S. John Climacus.

AS the architect digs deep into the earth in order to lay his foundation-stone securely, so the Christian who wishes to build up his salvation on a sure basis must certainly found it upon humility.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.



THE ANNUNCIATION
Ikon of ancient type

GOD only pardons those who have not absolved themselves.

S. Dmitri of Rostov.

THE way of meekness is lowly, but it leads to the highlands—to heaven. If we would reach this, our fatherland, we must take this path.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

MEEKNESS is as essential to spiritual growth as the root to the blossom, which quickly loses its freshness and vitality when the root perishes.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

WHAT are all our good works without humility? Merely dust, swept away by the first breath of pride.

Idem.

PROGRESS in good works means progress in humility.

S. Basil the Great.

A MEEK spirit is an invincible weapon.

Father Evagry.

AS salt without bread, so is humility without good works.

S. Isaac of Syria.

IN doing a good work, remember Him who said: "Without Me ye can do nothing" (S. John's Gospel, ch. xvi, v. 5).

Look upon thine offering to God as a gift first given to thee by Him.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

TRUE meekness cannot be angered or mortified by reproaches, because we regard ourselves as deserving every humiliation.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

ACCUSTOM thy heart by degrees to say of each of thy brethren: "In truth he is a better man than I am." So shall we gradually come to consider ourselves as chief among sinners.

As there are touchstones for gold and silver metals, so also there are tests for humility. One way in which we can prove our humility is by reconciliation with those whom we have injured, or who have injured us.

Jacob, Archbishop of Nijny-Novgorod.

IF thou wilt think humbly of thyself, thou shalt find peace wheresoever thou mayst be.

If thou wilt abase thyself, thou shalt be at rest, because through self-abnegation thou wilt find patience under all circumstances.

Father Pimen.

A HOLY man was once told of someone who had been considered worthy to behold a vision of angels; to which he replied: "Blessed are they who continually behold the vision of their own sins."

WITH humility all works in a friendly way; without it, neither thought nor speech accomplishes anything.

A. Nekrassov, Protopriest.

XV

THE WORLD

OF the numberless blossoms on a tree how many will bear fruit? Such is the world: it promises much and gives little.

The temptations of the world never cease; as long as the world exists they will be with us.

The living fish swims against the current; the dead one floats down with it. The true Christian stems the torrent of a sinful age, but the insincere man is carried away by its rapid course.

Forms of thought and sentiment which win the highest (contemporary) praise are often the most dangerous.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

NONE can approach God until he has drawn some distance away from the world.

S. Isaac of Syria.

BE friendly with all men, but in thought remain solitary.

He only can be truly alone who lives within himself.

Ignatius, Bishop of the Caucasus.

TO keep ourselves pure and unspotted from the world amid perpetual temptations and occasions to sin is accounted as great a service in God's eyes as to lead the blameless life of a hermit; all the more because a good example in the world has a special influence on those who live in it.

P. Sokolov, Protopriest.

IT is not locality that saves a man, but good will. Adam, our first parent, fell in the Garden of Eden, but Lot kept himself virtuous even in Sodom.

S. Isaac of Syria.

REFLECTING on the general shamefulness conceived by evil-doers before God, impute it to thyself, not to the times.

Father John of Cronstadt.

THE time spirit is a lying and deceptive spirit. To-day it praises this, to-morrow that. Ideas and principles which it looked upon as exemplary five years ago are now the objects of its mockery; in another five years, or less, it will scoff at those which now awaken its enthusiasm.

As in the hour of intoxication, when a noise is whirring in the head, and the eyes see double, and everything seems spinning around us, and it is impossible to hear or see anything distinctly, or to understand aright, so also under the influence of the spirit of the times men are subject to just such attacks of (moral) vertigo, and see and understand as little as a drunken man.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

NEVER do a shameful thing, no matter how pleasing it may be to the majority, or neglect to carry out a good action although it be hateful to the ungodly.

S. Gregory Dialogus.

A DAY of distractions and card playing! Well, better to play than talk slander. O Lord, sanctify even these frivolous occu-

pations, which prevent us from falling into graver sins.

Let us ask God to sanctify even those crosses which the conventions of life impose upon us. Ask Him to accept them as though they were voluntary sacrifices, and let us turn them into such by fulfilling with a good grace all the minutiæ which seem so childish, the omission of which would scandalize our neighbour.

Boredom is one of the things the young endure with least patience; and yet to be bored is often a duty which has to be fulfilled like the rest. *Mme. Bagreiev-Speransky.*

THERE are three aspects of renunciation: the first is material—the abandonment of all worldly riches and possessions; secondly, we give up all our former habits, vices and passions, both spiritual and fleshly; thirdly, we detach our minds from the visible present, and contemplate only the future, ardently desiring the infinite. All three methods of renunciation are the fulfilment of God's command to Abraham: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee" (Genesis xii, 1). *S. John Kassian.*

XVI

THE WORLD TRANSITORY

THE day of our birth joins hands with the day of our death. The first cry of the stranger newly born into the world is also the first intimation of his ultimate death—the first word of his requiem service. The Rider on the Pale Horse, whose name is Death, is continually shortening the distance between himself and us.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

WOE to the man who instead of building a house in his own country builds in a strange land, and makes for himself no provision in the place where he must dwell.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

WE must never forget that we are all travelling along the high road which leads home to our own land; one with his wallet slung over his shoulder, another drawn by four prancing steeds; but all must enter by the same gate.

Count Speransky.

THE very joys of our present life are touched with sadness, as a picture must have its shadows. What earthly delight exists in which some regret is not mingled?

S. John Damascene.

IDEALISM should be the place in which man's faculties, wearied out by the material labours of life, may find a sanctuary always ready to receive him. This place of refuge should be always open to him; and so it would actually be, if he himself had not lost the key.

Mme. Bagreiev-Speransky.

MUCH on earth is hidden from us, but to make up for that we have been given a precious mystic sense of our living bond with the other world, with the higher heavenly world, and the roots of our thoughts and feelings are not here, but in other worlds.

Dostoievsky.

(*Father Zossima, in "The Brothers Karamazov."*)

XVII

WORK AND IDLENESS

WE can only escape from work, as from the chastisement of God, at the risk of incurring greater penalties.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

GOD created man for work, and for this end He has endowed him with the needful members; it follows therefore that the idler is evading the divine ordinance and the aim of creation.

S. Chrysostom.

LOVE labour. If it is not needful to thy livelihood, it is perhaps necessary as medicine.

Like fresh water which grows foul without motion, so the human body and spirit stagnate in idleness.

A wise man once said: "Work is the safeguard of the righteous." Inaction and

indolence are the undoing of the soul, and bring it to more harm than a legion of devils.

S. Isaac of Syria.

I BELIEVE in the religion of work.

Vladimir Stassov.

XVIII

CONTENTMENT

IN the judgment of the Giver of all Good, poverty is often favourable to the development of the higher life, which cannot be obtained by wealth. If people are not the better for being poor, the fault lies in themselves, and not in poverty.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

HE is no soldier of Christ who grumbles at his billet.

Father Pimen.

GOD sometimes calls us to account, not for the great things of life, but only for untrustworthiness in the smaller debts we owe.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

NOT the possession of riches, but being independent of them—this constitutes the greatest wealth.

S. Isidore of Pelusium.

NOT great deeds are pleasing to God, but the great love with which they are performed. Nothing is great in him who loves but little, and nothing is small in him who loves greatly.

S. Basil the Great.

LET each one be content to fulfil his special mission, then each of us will have a lofty significance for himself and others, and in all things an admirable order will prevail.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

WE are living in the age of the third horse (Rev. vi, 5), the black one, with the rider who has the balance in his hand, seeing that everything in the present age is weighed in the scales and by agreement, and people are seeking for nothing but their rights—"a measure of wheat for a penny and three measures of barley for a penny"; and yet they want to keep a free spirit and a pure heart and a sound body and all the gifts of God. But by rights alone they won't keep them.

Dostoievsky ("*The Idiot.*")

XIX

AFFLICTION

IN visible sorrow some invisible blessing is invariably concealed.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

DO not lament, saying: "Ah, woe is me, how wretched I am!" Say rather: "How small is my sorrow in comparison with my misdoings."

Innocent, Metropolitan of Moscow.

HE who escapes the punishment of sin in this life is a very unfortunate man.

S. Chrysostom.

IT is a bad sign when the physician permits the patient to eat and drink whatever he fancies; for then it is evident that the doctor despairs of curing him and regards him as already at death's door. God sometimes acts in like manner to those who do not profit by His good gifts: He leaves them to do whatever is pleasing to their senses.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

AS in the tempest gust follows on gust; as at sea wave follows wave; so in life care sometimes follows on care, affliction on affliction, trial on trial.

S. Dmitri of Rostov.

TRY to say after a sorrow what you may not have been able to say while enduring it: "Blessed be the name of the Lord. Praise God now and for evermore!"

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

WHAT virtue is there in willingly accepting that which is pleasant to us? But to receive affliction in a noble spirit, because we reverence the will of God—this is achievement, virtue, and a pledge of recompense.

Idem.

WHEN thou seest a good man, be assured he has known sorrow.

Jacob, Archbishop of Nijegorod.

WITHOUT temptation no man is proved worthy.

We cannot recognise the skilled mariner

in calm weather, but only in the tempest and the rising sea.

Makary, Ascetic.

GREAT is suffering; in this I am at one with you; but great also is the recompense which God has prepared for them who endure patiently.

S. Basil the Great.

"WHAT are you weeping for?"

"It is my little son I'm grieving for, Father. He was three years old—three years all but three months. For my little boy, Father, I'm in anguish for my little boy. He was the last one left. . . . I buried the first three without grieving overmuch, and now I've buried the last I can't forget him. He never leaves me. He has withered my heart. I look at his little clothes, his little shirt, his little boots, and I wail. I lay out all that is left of him, all his little things. I look at them and wail. . . . . I've done with him (Nikita, my husband). I've done with them all. I don't care to look upon my house and my goods. I don't care to see anything at all!"

"THE BUSH BURNED WITH FIRE AND WAS NOT CONSUMED"
(Symbol of the B.V.M.) Pskov, XV cent.

"Listen, mother," said Father Zossima. "Once in olden times a holy saint saw in the temple a mother like you weeping for her little one, her only one, whom God had taken. 'Knowest thou not,' said the saint to her, 'how bold these little ones are before the throne of God? Verily there are none bolder than they in the Kingdom of Heaven. Thou didst give us life, O Lord,' they say, 'and scarcely had we looked upon it when thou didst take it back again.' And so boldly they ask and ask again that God gives them at once the rank of angels. 'Therefore,' said the Saint, 'thou, too, O mother, rejoice and weep not, for thy little one is with the Lord in the fellowship of the angels.' That is what the saint said to the weeping mother of old. He was a great saint, and he could not have spoken falsely. Therefore you, too, mother, know that your little one is surely before the throne of God, is rejoicing and happy, and praying to God for you, and therefore weep not, but rejoice."

The woman listened. She sighed deeply.

"Where could he be if not with the Lord God? Only here with us now he is not as he used to sit beside us before. And if only I could look upon him one little time, if only

I could peep at him one little time, without going up to him, without speaking, if I could be hidden in a corner and only see him for one little minute, hear him playing in the yard, calling in his little voice, 'Mammy, where are you?' . . . . If only I could hear his little feet I should know him! But he is gone, Father, he's gone, and I shall never hear him again. Here's his little sash, but him I shall never hear or see now."

She drew out of her bosom her boy's little embroidered sash, and as she looked at it she began shaking with sobs, hiding her eyes with her fingers through which the tears flowed in a sudden stream.

"It is Rachel of old," said the elder, "weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not. Such is the lot set on earth for you mothers. Be not comforted. Consolation is not what you need. Weep, and be not consoled, but weep. Only every time that you weep be sure to remember that your little son is one of the angels of God, that he looks down from there at you, and sees you, and rejoices at your tears, and points at them to the Lord God; and a long while yet you will keep your grief. But it will turn in the end into

quiet joy, and your bitter tears will be only tears of tender sorrow that purifies the heart and delivers it from sin. I shall pray for the peace of your child's soul. . . . . I will remember him, mother, and your grief in my prayers, and I will pray for your husband's health. It is a sin for you to leave him. Your little one will see from heaven that you have forsaken his father. Why do you trouble his happiness? He is living, for the soul lives for ever, and though he is not in the house he is near you, unseen. How can he go into the house when you say that the house is hateful to you? To whom is he to go if he find not you together, his father and mother? He comes to you in dreams now, and you grieve. But then he will send you gentle dreams. Go to your husband, mother; go this very day."

"I will go, Father, at your word. I will go. You've gone straight to my heart."

Dostoievsky ("*The Brothers Karamazov*").

WHEN grief and anguish shake your soul, think of the Mother of our Lord as she stood at the foot of the Cross.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

GOD does not send us suffering beyond our strength to endure. The master-craftsman touches the crystal vase lightly lest he should break it; but silver and brass he hammers with heavy strokes. Even thus God adjusts suffering between the weak and the strong.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

OUT of sorrow we may winnow joy, as good grain is winnowed out of harsh husks.

S. Nilus of Sinai.

AS a wrack of clouds darkens the heavens, but after it has discharged its rain leaves the world bright and calm once more, even so grief overshadows our hearts and our thoughts; but when it has found vent in prayers and tears a great serenity gladdens the spirit. Divine help, like a light, is sent into our soul.

S. Joseph Volokolamsk.

IN hours of calm be prepared for storm; in health be prepared for sickness; in the hour of wealth expect poverty—and thou

canst not then be borne down under the weight of any calamities that may befall thee.

The Spiritual Pearls.

In Sickness.

WHEN owing to sickness you feel unwell and indisposed, and your prayer is cold, heavy, filled with despondency and even despair, do not be disheartened or hopeless, for the Lord knows your sick and painful condition. Struggle against your infirmity, pray as much as you have strength to, and the Lord will not despise the weakness of your flesh and spirit.

Father John of Cronstadt.

XX

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

ALL are seeking happiness, but few find it where it truly exists. We may pursue it all our lives and never overtake it.

Cyril, Bishop of Melitopol.

MANY believe that it is hardest for a man to keep his nobility of nature when he passes from happiness to misfortune; but I consider it far more difficult for him to preserve tranquillity of mind when he passes from misfortune to prosperity.

S. Isidore of Pelusium.

NO earthly spring can quench our thirst. Gather up all the joys and pleasures of the world and let them fall to the lot of one man; he will then say: "All this is nothing to me while I still feel in the depths of my heart a desire that remains unsatisfied, a void which remains unfilled."

The immortal soul cannot slake its thirst at the waters of earthly joy; they do but increase its thirst.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

EARTHLY bliss is ever darkened by the thought that either it must leave us or we must leave it.

Karamzin.

PRINCE and nobleman—both drop their rank at the graveside.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

USE earthly advantages as the means of acquiring heavenly blessings.

Innocent, Archbishop of Kherson.

HE who awaits fame is awaiting tribulation.

S. Dmitri of Rostov.

MERITORIOUS people win fresh merit by denying their merits.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

"PAUL IVANOVICH," said Mourazov, shaking his head, "how your property has blinded you! For its sake you refuse to listen to the voice of your own soul. . . . . It is not the possessions of which man can rob us that matter, but the treasures of which no one on earth can deprive us."

Gogol ("Dead Souls").

THE man who acts as conscience dictates, without regard to what others think of him, is a great man.

Karamzin.

AS rust eats into iron, so ambition eats into the human heart.

Father Isaiah.

BEHAVE to earthly wealth as to a guest whom you are prepared to welcome or dismiss with equal courtesy.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

NOT for thy riches, but for the use of them shalt thou be judged.

Wealth is not in itself an evil, but covetousness is evil.

Art thou rich? I do not condemn thee. Art thou avaricious? For this I blame thee.

S. Chrysostom.

WEALTH is a stumbling-block to the wicked, but to the righteous a means of well-doing.

S. Ambrose of Milan.

THE rich miser is like a fatted beast that is no use during its life, and only becomes profitable after its death.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

XXI

SELF-CONQUEST

BLESSED is he who has achieved self-conquest and has power over himself; he truly is a Tsar, although his position in the world may only be that of a servitor.

V. Nechaev, Protopriest.

IF it is a fine thing to triumph finally over our enemies and bring them under our feet, how much greater it is to win a victory over self. Wise men may admire world-conquerors, but they regard the conquest of self as a much greater achievement.

Jacob, Archbishop of Nijegorod.

THERE is no greater hero in the world then the man who conquers self and rules over his own passions.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

XXII

LIBERTY AND SERVICE

TRUE liberty only exists within lawful limits, and the highest freedom consists in complete devotion to God.

With God begin, with God complete the day.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

NO man can harm thee if thou harmest not thyself.

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

CHRISTIANITY attains freedom even in servitude.

S. Chrysostom.

A MAN who has not become a sincere Christian does not in reality do what he wishes, but that which he does not wish to do, for he is the slave of his passions.

True liberty is Christian liberty: internal, not external, freedom; spiritual and moral freedom, not bodily freedom; it is always

beneficent, never rebellious, and may exist equally in a cottage or a king's palace. Christian liberty is inviolable, even when cast into bondage and darkness, as we may witness in the lives of the martyrs.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

SERVITUDE must be described as a refractory and shameful slavery when a man treads under foot all the ordinances of God.

I. Tolmachev, Protopriest.

INTERPRETING freedom as the multiplication and rapid satisfaction of desires, men distort their own nature, for many senseless and foolish desires and habits and ridiculous fancies are fostered in them. They live only for mutual envy, for luxury and ostentation. . . . . We see the same thing among those who are not rich, while the poor drown their unsatisfied need and their envy in drunkenness. But soon they will drink blood instead of wine, they are being led on to it. I ask you is such a man free? . . . . How can such a one fight, what is he fit for? He is capable perhaps of some action quickly

over, but he cannot hold out long. The idea of the service of humanity, of brotherly love and the solidarity of mankind, is more and more dying out in the world. For how can a man shake off his habits, what can become of him if he is in bondage to the habit of satisfying the innumerable desires he has created for himself? He is isolated, and what concern has he with the rest of humanity? Men have succeeded in accumulating a greater mass of objects, but the joy in the world has grown less.

Dostoievsky ("*The Brothers Karamazov*").

IT is impossible there should be no servants in the world, but act so that your servant may be freer in spirit than if he were not a servant.

Idem.

XXIII

TIME

IF it please Providence that we know nothing of our future lot, this is undoubtedly for our good.

Is it not therefore an impertinence on our part to have recourse to fortune-telling and divination in order to discover what is going to happen to us in future? Is it not offering a grievous affront to God?

Imagine a son living in his father's house, and free to enjoy not only all he actually requires, but much that is a pleasurable addition to his life; yet not contented with this, he must pry into the secret chamber of which the key has been withheld from him, and, having stolen it, he enters, not to rob, but merely to satisfy his curiosity as to what is concealed there—is not this dishonourable? What of the son's conscience? What of his father's displeasure?

Here, from a very simple point of view, is my judgment respecting every form of sorcery, crystal gazing, and the like.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

REMEMBER the past, look to God for the future, and use the present well.

Idem.

WE must profit quickly by the present, for it is like a bar of iron; once it is cool it is useless on the anvil.

Peter the Great.

The Desert.

Long hours I've tramped, outworn, with weary footsteps;
Long hours the climbing sun has blinded me;
No resting place I've reached in all the desert,
And still no goal beyond these plains I see.

Around me, wrapped in languid, dreamy silence,
The endless sands stretch onward beyond sight.
I long for fresh'ning winds, for passing cloudlets,
To cool the burning air, to veil the light.

Press on, press on! Beyond this parchèd desert
There lies at length a garden cool and green,

A fair oasis, filled with fragrant shadows,
No noonday sun can pierce its verdant screen.

There may I dwell and know sweet consolation,
Refreshment at the Fount of Life I'll find,
And resting there, I shall forget for ever
The desert track that I have left behind.

Jemchoujnikov.
(*Translated by Rosa Newmarch.*)

XXIV

REPENTANCE AND DESPAIR

KNOW that he harbours a demon's thought who says: "Whither shall I flee to escape chastisement?" Those who do not repent cannot expect pardon.

Father Isaiah.

TO sin is human; to despair is satanic.

S. Nilus of Sinai.

TO despair signifies to cast away God's mercy which He is willing to give us at any moment.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

THE boundless ocean not only absorbs the waters of great rivers which have flowed through many lands, but also the humble brooks whose silver threads are almost invisible; so, too, God's eternal bliss obliterates the blackest guilt and the most venial sin.

Ignatius, Bishop of the Caucasus.

FEAR nothing and never be afraid; and don't fret. If only your penitence fails not, God will forgive all. There is no sin, and there can be no sin on all the earth which the Lord will not forgive to the truly repentant! Man cannot commit a sin so great as to exhaust the infinite love of God. Can there be a sin which would exceed the love of God? Think only of repentance, continual repentance, but dismiss fear altogether. Believe that God loves you as you cannot conceive; that He loves you with your sin, in your sin. It has been said of old that over one repentant sinner there is more joy in heaven than over ten righteous men. Go, and fear not. . . . . If you are penitent you love. And if you love you are of God. All things are atoned for, all things are saved, by love. If I, a sinner, even as you are, am tender with you and have pity on you, how much more will God. Love is such a priceless treasure that you can redeem the whole world by it, and expiate not only your own sins, but those of others by it.

Dostoievsky (*Father Zossima, in "The Brothers Karamazov"*).

IMAGINE a spark fallen into the sea. Could it remain unchanged, or reappear again? What the spark is compared to the ocean, such is a trespass in comparison with God's love for man. Nay, it is infinitely less! The sea, vast as it is, has its limits, but God's love for us is boundless.

S. Chrysostom.

ART thou reconciled to God? Then live at peace with Him.

Cyril, Bishop of Melitopol.

ALWAYS have sufficient strength of mind to recognise your own errors, for this is the first step towards repairing them. See your own sins and wipe them out.

S. Nilus of Sinai.

IF it be impossible to avoid occasions of temptation, prepare yourself for them by a clear consciousness of danger; this will at least diminish the risk of such encounters, if it does not entirely obviate it.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

XXV

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

THERE is one assignation we all must keep: it is with death.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

ALWAYS expect, but never fear death; these are the marks of the philosopher.

S. Nilus of Sinai.

THE best way to lose the fear of death is by constantly reflecting upon it and expecting it. . . . . If thou wert prepared for death thou wouldst not fear it; if thou didst love God with all thy heart thou wouldst even desire its coming.

S. Dmitri of Rostov.

DO men desire long life? Do ye, Christians, desire rather a blessed death!

S. Tikhon Zadonsky.

FEAR not death, for God has so prepared all things that thou mayst rise above it.

S. Isaac of Syria.

IT is hard to live—how much sweeter, therefore, to die! He who lives in God dies in Him. Whosoever hath served God all his life will also be with God in his hour of death.

Dmitri, Archbishop of Volhynya.

DEATH may well be called man's birth into a future existence. In this life our body is to our soul what the mother's womb is to the babe; the egg-shell to the young bird. Both babes and birds issue forth into a new life. Even so at the moment of death we pass out into a new and eternal existence; to new abodes, new relationships, new ideas and desires, and new activities.

Jacob, Archbishop of Nijegorod.

REFLECT that you may die to-day—to-morrow; then all worldly cares will vanish from your heart.

Ignatius, Bishop of the Caucasus.

HOW can we harbour the least resentment towards our brother if we realise that at any day or moment he may pass out of this world.

Father Joseph.

LOVE weeps for the dead; but Faith, perceiving in spirit their glorious resurrection, should check the flow of our tears.

P. Sokolov, Protopriest.

DO not dwell on the fact that thy dead will return no more to thy home, but think rather how soon thou wilt pass on to join them.

The dead say unto the living: "Yesterday my turn, to-day 'tis thine." In dying we may, and ought, to say to each of our friends: "Until we meet again."

Thou thinkest only how thy dead are taken from thee, and forgettest Whom they have found.

Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople.

GOD grant that even after death our brotherly union with our departed relatives, and those whom we knew in this life, may not be broken off; that our love may

not be extinguished, but burn with brighter flame, and that constant true remembrance of those at rest may ever remain with us until our death.

Father John of Cronstadt.

HEAVEN lies hidden within all of us—here it lies hidden in me now, and if I will it, it will be revealed to me to-morrow and for all time. . . . . We are all responsible to all for all, apart from our own sins. And in very truth, so soon as men understand that, the Kingdom of Heaven will be for them not a dream, but a living reality.

Dostoievsky (" *The Brothers Karamazov* ").

IT is not more difficult for God to raise up again that which has been, than to create that which was not.

S. Gregory Dialogus.

MAN'S immortality is an everlasting favour from God.

The thought of our immortality demands also that our temporal existence conform to our eternal life.

Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow.

THE future depends on how we profit by the present. Heaven or Hades may be had at will.

Philaret, Archbishop of Chernigov.

NO one can enter into the Kingdom of God who has not already this Kingdom within his heart. Live always consciously in the Kingdom of Heaven and ye will soon inherit it.

Father Hyperion.

BIOGRAPHICAL

S. AMBROSE, Bishop and Divine, usually called by Russian writers S. Ambrose of Milán, was born in Gaul about 340. He was elected Bishop of Milan in his thirty-fourth year, actually against his own judgment, and before he had been baptized into the faith. He came into his new office not long before the death of Valens, the tool of the Arians, who was succeeded by Gratian, to whom Ambrose was deeply attached. It was a bitter loss to the Bishop when the young Emperor was killed at Lyons, during the revolt of Maximus in 383. The succeeding years were passed by Ambrose in struggling against the encroachments of Arianism, and keeping in the right path the young sovereign, Valentinian II, whose mother, Justina, favoured the heretics. On Easter Eve, 387, Ambrose baptized Augustine in the baptistery at Milan. In 388, Theodosius espoused the cause of Valentinian against the usurper,

Maximus, and, having defeated him, the Emperor of Constantinople stayed for a time in Milan, during which period he had several passages of arms with the strong-willed Bishop, who went so far as to refuse him admittance to the Holy Sacrament until he had done public penance for a massacre which the Emperor had ordered at Illyricum. On the assassination of Valentinian in 392, paganism temporarily regained its supremacy in Italy, and Ambrose was compelled to flee from Milan, until Theodosius had again come to the rescue and defeated Argobastes, the Gaul, at Aquileja, when the cause of the ancient gods was definitely lost. Theodosius died in 395, and Ambrose delivered his funeral oration. The saint only survived the great Christian Emperor for two years, passing out of the body on April 4th, 397. His life is essentially linked to the history of the Western Church. It is interesting to know that he had the psalms chanted antiphonally, "after the manner of the East." Besides hymns, he wrote a treatise on The Faith, and a book on Widowhood.

S. BASIL THE GREAT, Archbishop of Cæsarea (329-379), was the descendant of a noble and heroic Christian family. His paternal grandmother, S. Macrina, and her husband, had suffered much tribulation for the faith in the reign of Maximus II, while S. Gregory Nazianzen tells us that Basil's father and mother, S. Basil the Elder and S. Emmelia, led exemplary lives. Four of their numerous family attained to the honour of saintship. In childhood Basil lived for a time with his pious grandmother, Macrina, and his whole life was influenced by her example. At an early age he was sent to school in Cæsarea, which was a renowned centre of culture. His progress in all branches of learning, and especially in rhetoric, was phenomenal. On his removal to Constantinople, he became a pupil of the orator Libanius, the master of S. John Chrysostom. To perfect his studies he repaired to Athens in 352, where he renewed his acquaintance with S. Gregory Nazianzen, whom he had already known in Cæsarea. A beautiful and lasting friendship united these two fervent and pious souls. Both loved learning and

shunned the ordinary dissipations and amusements of the students; both made religion their "only and great affair." "It was our sole aim, and all our glory, to be called and to be Christians," writes Gregory of Nazianzen. Basil became a master in many branches of learning—philosophy, poetry, and natural history, and was a brilliant logician. On his return to Cæsarea he opened a school of oratory and pleaded at the bar. His success and the praises of his fellow-citizens awoke his fears lest in gaining the whole world he might lose his own soul. Strengthened by the example of his friend, Gregory Nazianzen, he gave away his worldly goods to the poor and became a monk. In 357 he started on a kind of pilgrimage to the most famous monasteries and hermitages in Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt. He was ordained Reader in 358, after which he established himself at Pontus, on the river Iris, where he founded a monastery. Upon the opposite bank his mother and sister had already opened a convent for women. Basil, who favoured the Cenobite rather than the Anchorite life, founded several other commun-

ities in the district, and for their guidance drew up the Rule which is followed to this day by all the monks of the Eastern Church.

The life of S. Basil can best be studied in his own writings, supplemented by those of S. Gregory Nazianzen. Severe as was the asceticism which marked his exterior life, his inner existence was far more admirable. His mildness, patience, and benevolence, his sweetness and gravity, were the wonder of all who came in contact with him. At this period of his life he spent some time in retirement near Pontus, and his tranquil happiness was doubled by the presence of Gregory Nazianzen, who came to share his studies in his poor retreat, and to help him in the manual labours of cultivating the wilderness around it.

During the three years of his seclusion, the outside world was torn by political dissensions, and the Church riven by the Arian heresy. Basil, recalled to Cæsarea by Bishop Eusebius, opposed the Arians with great vigour and fearlessness. On the death of Eusebius in 370 Basil was appointed his

successor and threw himself with surpassing zeal into the work of his new office. Morning and evening he preached to "a sea of listeners"; drew numbers of his flock to the Holy Communion, and made himself the guardian of the poor. Among his many acts of charity was the building of a great hospital called Basiliades, after its founder.

Valens, who then filled the throne of the Eastern Empire, was himself tainted with Arianism, and, urged by his advisers, determined to rid himself of so capable an opponent as the Archbishop of Cæsarea. He sent his prefect, Modestus, to intimidate Basil by threats, if he could not persuade him by smooth words. But Basil was as fearless as he was prudent. Modestus was obliged to confess his defeat to the Emperor, saying: "We are overcome; this man is above our threats." Valens stayed his hand for the time being, but later, yielding to the persuasions of his Arian bishops, he resolved to banish Basil. But that same night, his young son, having been seized with a serious illness, the Empress implored her husband to take no further steps against the saint.

Basil, summoned to the palace, prayed for the child, who recovered. This, and other warnings, caused Valens to cease his persecutions.

S. Basil lived to see the end of Valens at the hands of the Goths, and the tranquillity of the Church assured by the accession of Gratian, in 378. In this same year his health failed, and he passed from this life on New Year's Day, 379. "The very pagans and Jews wept with the Christians," says Butler, "lamenting the death of their common father." His friend, Gregory of Nazianzen, who survived him, left an eloquent memorial of this extraordinarily gifted and saintly personality. The Benedictines published a Latin edition of his works in the early eighteenth century. They comprise a treatise on Creation and another on the Holy Ghost; a book of Morals; a confutation of Arianism; homilies and expositions of the Scriptures. In the Western Church he is honoured on June 14th; by the Orthodox he is also honoured on the Feast of the Three Saints, January 30th (O.S.), together with S. Gregory the Theologian and S. John Chrysostom,

authors of the three Liturgies used in the Eastern Church.

CYRIL (*Vassily Nikolaevich Naoumov*), Bishop of Melitopol, in Southern Russia, born at Kalouga, December 25th, 1823 (O.S.), and educated at the seminary of his native town and at the Divinity Academy at Petrograd. He took monastic vows in 1847, and became lecturer on moral and pastoral divinity at the Academy. In 1851 he was made an Archimandrite, and appointed Inspector of the Academy. Six years later he was raised to the see of Melitopol. Cyril was an active-minded and eloquent man, but the busy, semi-official life as head of a diocese did not suit him. In 1863 he asked to be relieved of his charge and was placed at the head of the Monastery of the Transfiguration, at Kazan. He wrote several books, including a "Life of S. Alexander Nevsky," and an Akathist (hymn) to the same national saint and hero. Cyril's death took place in 1866.

S. DMITRI, Metropolitan of Rostov, whose name in the secular world was Daniel Savich

(also known by the sobriquet of Touptalenko), the son of pious Cossack parents, was born at the little town of Makarova, not far from Kiev, in December, 1651. His father, attached to the Kiev Regiment of Cossacks, was nearly always absent on military service, for those were the troubled times of Bogdan Khelmnitsy, when the Ukraine was struggling for its independence from the oppressive rule of the Poles. The struggle was largely a religious one, because the Cossacks of the Dnieper belonged to the Eastern Church and resented the Uniate efforts to draw them nearer to the Roman faith. Into this world of strife and bitterness came little Daniel Touptalenko, and his early training was left to his mother's care. He learnt to read and write at home, and when in 1660 his family settled in Kiev, he, being then ten years old, was sent to the monastic school of the Kiev Brothers, the director of which was a famous pedagogue, Johannik Golyatovsky. The boy's naturally devout nature, fostered by his home surroundings, and his physical weakness, which unfitted him for the rough life of a Cossack soldier, turned his mind to

the religious vocation, and at seventeen he was received into the Cyrillovsky Monastery by the Hegumen Meletie Dziek. By this time the Ukraine had been reunited politically to Russia, but the Church, which had in early times been under the jurisdiction of Constantinople, held out against the Patriarchate of Moscow. Dmitri found himself associated with that group of the Black Clergy of the Ukraine who supported Joseph Toukalsky, Metropolitan, the friend of the nationalist Hetman, Doroshenko, and the champion of ecclesiastical independence. Toukalsky raised Dmitri to the ranks of the higher clergy in 1669, and six years later he was appointed to the Goustinsky monastery. He soon made his mark as a preacher, and was sent in this capacity on a two years' mission to Lithuania and White Russia. Meanwhile the Hetman Samuelovich had succeeded in uniting the disordered forces of the Ukraine under his own rule, and having come into personal contact with Dmitri, he expressed a wish that the eloquent and saintly divine should be appointed head of the Monastery of Batourin. During the next few years his

life was frequently unsettled. He did not escape some friction with Joachim, Patriarch of Moscow, and about this period the Church of Little Russia lost its independent character and became one with that of Great Russia, by which Kiev probably escaped the fate of many Orthodox sees such as Lvov and Peremuyshle, which became extinct under Polish persecution. In his diary, Dmitri frequently complains of the wandering life he was compelled by circumstances to lead. Among other occupations he was appointed official preacher to the great Lavra at Kiev. In 1684 he took over a task which was most congenial to him: the continuation of the *Cheti-Minei*, or Brief Menologies. The material for these Lives of the Saints had been amassed by the Metropolitan Makary in the reign of John the Terrible, and the work had proceeded under the editorship first of Peter Mogila, and later of Innocent Givel, Archimandrite of the Lavra. It was now to occupy Dmitri to the end of his days. Its interest lies to a great extent in its being a landmark, standing at the boundary which divides the old and new periods of Russian

history; for tnough it contains much that reflects the mediæval attitude of mind, yet there flash through its pages gleams of the modernism soon to be introduced by Peter the Great.

Dmitri visited Moscow with the famous Hetman Mazeppa, in order to discuss some of the difficulties between the two Churches, and must have been there about the time of the conflict between the young Tsar Peter and his sister Sophia, and witnessed the revolt of the Streltsy. He "kissed hands" at the Troitsky Monastery at Serghievo, where Peter had taken refuge from the rebels. The Tsar appointed him Metropolitan of Siberia in 1701. Dmitri was only fifty, but his health was so poor that this recognition was the equivalent of a death-warrant, and Peter, realising this, approved of his being consecrated Metropolitan of Rostov instead. "Thence he was destined to illuminate by his virtue and learning the whole Church of Russia," says Mouraviev. He occupied the see of Rostov seven years, during which time he collaborated faithfully with Stephen Yavorsky, the famous "Guardian of the

Church and Patriarchate of Moscow." Meanwhile his health gradually failed, until on the morning of October 28th, 1709 (O.S.), he was found on his knees, having passed away in the act of prayer.

Love and pity were the chief theme of Dmitri's discourses, and these virtues he practised towards his fellow-men in daily life. He was specially gentle and sympathetic in his attitude towards the poor. He was canonized on April 22nd, 1857 (O.S.).

DOSTOIEVSKY, FEODOR MIKHAILOVICH (1832-1881), was the son of an army doctor. He did brilliantly at the School of Military Engineering, but threw over his prospects of success in the army for the sake of literature. In 1846 he took the manuscript of his first novel, "Poor Folk," to the poet Nekrassov, who hailed him as a second Gogol. The great critic, Bielinsky, had the insight to see that beneath the superficial influence of the author of "Dead Souls" was concealed a great and original genius—the greatest that Russia has ever known. In 1849, having incurred the suspicion of the Government, he was incar-

cerated in the Peter and Paul Fortress and condemned to death, together with other suspects. When they were actually at the place of execution, the wretched men were reprieved, but one, at least, went mad with the strain and horror of the situation. Dostoievsky's next novel, "Letters from a Dead House," is the record of his experience in a convict settlement in Siberia.

When he was released from prison, he was sent to serve as a common soldier for three years, after which he was permitted to reside in Petrograd and continue his literary work. The year 1866 brought to light his "Crime and Punishment," one of the greatest psychological novels of all time. This was followed by "The Idiot" (1868), in the hero of which, one of "God's fools," an epileptic, who passes through the world untouched by evil, Dostoievsky has put much of his own nature and experiences. "Devils," or "The Possessed," a curious prognostication of the excesses of Nihilism, appeared in 1871; "The Brothers Karamazov" nearly ten years later. In the interval he returned to journalism and published "A Writer's Note-

book," and many important contributions to Prince Mestchersky's journal, "The Citizen" (*Grajdanin*). By his speech at the unveiling of the monument to Poushkin, in 1880, he did a great service to Russian society, rallying all classes round his ideal of a nation destined, he believed, to be the very incarnation of the Christian spirit.

Dostoievsky is in many ways the type of the devout Russian. Mr. Maurice Baring has summed up his importance in Russian life and literature in the following admirable words: "Dostoievsky is great because of the divine message he gives, not didactically, not by sermons, but by the goodness that emanates like a precious balm from the characters he created; because more than any other books in the world his books reflect not only the teaching and the charity but the accent and the divine aura of love that is in the Gospels."

S. EPHRAIM OF SYRIA, or of Edessa as he is called in Butler's "Lives of the Fathers," was born near the city of Nisibis, on the banks of the Tigris, in Mesopotamia, of

parents who laboured for their livelihood, but who had already inherited the Christian faith, and counted more than one martyr in their family. Ephrem was set apart for the religious life from his birth, but was not baptised until he was eighteen. Shortly afterwards, filled with zeal for the monastic vocation, he adopted the habit and dwelt in a little hermitage near the community to which he belonged. The monasteries of Mesopotamia, like those of Egypt, did not encourage idleness in their members, each of whom was expected to gain his own poor livelihood. S. Ephrem was a sail-maker. Compunction and humility were the special qualities of his character; and though by nature hot-tempered, he acquired such complete self-control that he was known as "the peaceable man of God." He was a man of many tears, never losing sight of his own unworthiness, and perpetually stung by the remembrance of his shortcomings. But while stern to himself he was pitiful to the weakness of others and keenly alive to the danger of permitting new converts to attempt too austere a rule of life. After

spending some years in the desert in Mesopotamia he migrated to Edessa, drawn thither by his desire to salute the relics of S. Thomas the Apostle and hold intercourse with the anchorites who dwelt in the neighbouring mountains. Henceforth he became a deacon of the Church of Edessa and preached in that city, retiring from time to time into the wilderness, whence he returned imbued with a more fiery zeal to rebuke the darkness and indifference of contemporary society. Endowed with poetic feeling and great natural eloquence, his learning was acquired by solitary study and contemplation rather than in the schools. He was not much influenced by the Greek philosophy, and his works were originally written in the Syriac. Besides his Paræneses (exhortations to penance), his Beatitudes, Sermons and Commentaries on the Old Testament, he wrote much in confutation of various heretical sects of his period—the Novatians, Manichees, and Millenarians. In, or about, the year 372 he journeyed to Cæsarea to visit S. Basil the Great, who offered to promote him to the dignity of the priest-

hood, which he declined. Ephrem then returned to Edessa, where he dwelt in a solitary cell, writing and preparing himself for his end. From this seclusion he emerged during a great famine for the purpose of exhorting the rich to charity and ministering to the sick and needy. The crisis over, he returned to his isolation. He died in perfect peace of mind in 372, or 373,* surrounded by his affectionate disciples. On his death-bed he gave instructions to his friends to "sing no funeral hymns at Ephrem's burial; suffer no encomiastic oration; wrap not my carcase in any costly shroud; erect no monument to my memory. Allow me only the portion and place of a pilgrim; for I am a pilgrim and stranger as all my fathers were on earth."

FATHER EVAGRY, OR EVAGRIUS. The identity of the author of the quotation given under the heading *Meekness of Spirit* is uncertain. The Patrologia Græca mentions two writers of this name: the first, Evagrius the scholastic (537-594), a lawyer of Antioch, who wrote a History of the Church between the years

* Butler says 378.

431-594; the second, a deacon under Gregory Dialogus, who became one of the Egyptian anchorites, and whose writings deal chiefly with the monastic life, is more probably the author in question.

GOGOL, NICHOLAS VASSILIEVICH (1809–1852), was a Little Russian, born in the district of Poltava, and nurtured in childhood upon the Cossack tales and traditions of his native land. He first began to write in his school magazine, but, on leaving the Lycée he entered a Government office, and failing as a tutor, a professor and an actor, finally took to literature, producing in 1831 his sketches of life in the Ukraine, "Evenings on a Farm at Dikanka." The book attracted the attention of Poushkin, and met with such great appreciation that Gogol followed it up in 1834 by a second series of short tales, entitled "Mirigod." The stories evoke with extraordinary realism the temperament, the scenery, the very odours, of that corner of the earth which he knew so well. They contain a fascinating combination of melancholy and broad humour, and a constant

reflection of the supernatural element—of the legends of water nymphs, witches, imps, and the Devil himself, which haunt the imagination of people of the Ukraine. Two short tales, "Tarass Boulba" and "Viy," are among the strongest things that Gogol ever wrote: the first is an epic of Cossack life; the second a fearsome story of witchcraft. He touches a deeply pathetic note in the tale of "The Overcoat," which tells how a poor official becomes possessed of a warm cloak after years of pinching and saving, and dies of a broken heart because it is stolen the first time he wears it. Gogol followed up his short stories with a satirical comedy, "The Inspector-General," in which he shows up the bureaucracy in a pitiless light. It remains one of the most popular plays in Russia. Soon after its production, Gogol went abroad and published the first part of his masterpiece, "Dead Souls," while in Rome, in 1842. It was planned on a colossal scale, of which only the first part saw the light; for the author burnt the second part, and was sketching out the third part at the time of his death in 1852. It is the

story of an impostor, Chichikov, who devotes his whole energies and talents to carrying out an elaborate scheme of deception, by buying up rights in the dead "souls," or serfs, of landowners, and making a fortune by mortgaging this unsubstantial property. Chichikov, as he wanders from place to place on his fraudulent quest, comes in contact with all sorts and conditions of Russian men and women, and gives Gogol the opportunity of creating a wonderful series of social types. In the end he is found out and saved from the consequences of his crimes in a characteristically Russian way. We take leave of him on the eve of a sincere repentance. As we turn the pages of "Dead Souls" we realise the peculiarly Russian outlook of the writer: the clear-eyed, unshrinking vision of sin; the scathing satire which reveals it in all its baseness; the inexhaustible love and humanity which covers the sinner with the cloak of charity while mercilessly exhibiting his crimes and follies to the world.

Later in life the religious feeling latent in Gogol's nature developed into profound mysticism. He did not, as his ancestors

would have done, take refuge in the Pechersky or Solovetsky Monasteries, but he renounced the world in his own way, living in poverty and giving largely to the needy. The only literary work which he published after "Dead Souls"—the "Passages from Letters to a Friend"—breathes a chastened spirit of resignation and loyal obedience. Gogol may certainly be counted among the devout Russians.

GOLOUBINSKY, FEODOR ALEXANDROVICH (1797-1854), Archpresbyter, was born and died at Kostroma. He was one of the first theistic philosophers of Russia, and occupied the Chair of Philosophy at the Academy of Divinity at Moscow, where he won the reputation of being a profound and original thinker. He was considerably influenced by Western thought, especially by Kant and Jacobi. Few of his writings were published in his lifetime, and were only brought out in a complete edition in 1868.

S. GREGORY THE GREAT, or S. GREGORY DIALOGUS, as he is frequently called in the

Eastern Church, Pope of Rome, and native of that city, is one of the "Three Saints" greatly venerated in the Eastern Church as the authors of the three Liturgies in common use: S. Chrysostom. S. Basil, and S. Gregory, to whom is attributed the Liturgy of the Presanctified. Gregory was thirty-five years of age when he took monastic vows, his wealth and intellectual gifts having already won him the high dignity of Prætor of Rome under the Emperor Justin the Younger. He was sent as the nuncio of Pope Pelagius II to the Emperor Tiberius at Constantinople, where he remained for some time and wrote his moral and allegorical interpretations of the Book of Job. Recalled in 584, Gregory gladly returned to his monastery of S. Andrew, on Scaurus, which afterwards passed into the hands of the order of Camaldoli; but though he loved the tranquillity of the communal life, he was marked out for activity in the world. He became Pope in 590, when he wrote to S. Leander: "I have lost the calm harbour of my repose, and with sighs look upon the firm land which I cannot reach. If you love me, assist me with your prayers." To

the Emperor's sister he said: "The Emperor hath made an ape to be called a lion; but he cannot make him become one." The outline of his life is too well known to need repetition here. He died on March 12th, 604. The festival of the Three Saints is celebrated in Russia on January 30th (O.S.). Besides the Comments on the Book of Job, S. Gregory wrote his Homilies on the Gospels, a book on The Pastoral Care and several Scriptural expositions. He is often quoted by the Russian anthologists.

IGNATIUS (*Dmitri Alexandrovich Bryanchininov*), Bishop of the Causasus, 1807-1867, entered the School of Engineering at Petrograd, where he attracted the attention of the Grand Duke Nicholas Pavlovich and became one of the bursars of the Grand Duchess. He eventually received a commission in the Engineers, and seemed to be on the threshold of a brilliant military career, when the longing of his boyhood for a religious vocation proved too strong to be resisted. Heedless of the remonstrances of his relations and imperial patrons, he left the service in 1827, and after

spending four years in various communities, took his final vows and rose rapidly to the dignity of Archimandrite of the Sergievsky-Poustiny Monastery, near Peterhof. Here he accomplished a quarter of a century's useful work, raising the monastery to a community of the first class. In 1867 he was consecrated Bishop of Stavropol in the Caucasus, but he was compelled in two or three years to retire on account of failing health to the Nikolo-Babaevsky Monastery, where he died. His tendencies were towards asceticism, and most of his writings and sermons deal with this aspect of the monastic life.

INNOCENT (*Ivan Alexeievich Borisov*), Archbishop of Kherson, the son of a priest of the White Clergy, was born in 1800. His career as a seminarist, and afterwards at the divinity school of Kiev, was brilliant, and at the early age of twenty-three he was appointed to a chair in the Academy of Divinity at Petrograd. He became a monk, was made an archimandrite, and returned to Kiev as Rector of the Spiritual Academy, before he had passed his thirtieth year. He was

renowned for the eloquence of his extempore lectures and for his sound scholarship. The older school of divines regarded his views with suspicion as being too advanced; but they could not check his successful progress in the Church. He became successively Bishop of Vologda, Bishop of Kharkov, and finally in 1848 Archbishop of Kherson, where he remained until his death in 1857. For his doctor's degree he wrote three important works: a "Life of S. Cyprian," a "Life of S. Paul," and "The Last Days of the Earthly Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," said to be one of the finest productions of Russian religious literature, and far ahead of its time. Innocént founded and edited a new journal, called "The Sunday Reader," and was a voluminous writer in other religious papers, always raising their tone and widening their outlook. His greatest literary work was his "Memorials of the Faith," from the commencement of the Christian era to modern times, which he only carried as far as the twelfth century. As a preacher he had a large following, including the Emperor Nicholas I. and his Court. His sermons for

Lent, Passion Week, and Eastertide were very popular. He was frequently consulted by the Government on religious and educational measures, and was a staunch, though moderate, advocate of reforms, such as the amelioration of the material and social status of the parish priests and the opening of rural schools. The monasteries he regarded as an indispensable aid to mission work among the poor and illiterate—and Russia was at that time still in a state of serfdom.

Innocent was a man of almost universal interests, and corresponded with many of the specialists of his day about astronomy, ethnography, numismatics, the latest movements in eastern literature, national art and archæology. Some of his writings were translated into French, and he has been named "the Russian Bossuet."

INNOCENT (*Ivan Evsievich Popov-Veniaminov*), Metropolitan of Moscow, born August 26th, 1797 (O.S.), at Anginsky, in the Government of Irkutsk, was the son of a sacristan. He attended the local seminary, and while still a pupil there he married, in 1817, and

was ordained a deacon of the White Clergy. In 1823 he went as a missionary to the Aleutian Islands, where, during ten years' zealous labour, he built a church, opened a school, and translated the liturgy and part of the Gospels into the vernacular. He then carried his mission work to New Archangel, on the mainland, where he remained about five years. On the death of his wife he took monastic vows under the name of Innocent, and returned to Western Russia to be consecrated Bishop of Kamtschatga. In 1857 his health was somewhat undermined by excessive work, and he came home for a rest. He returned no more to his distant see, and in 1868 was appointed Metropolitan of Moscow. Here he was associated with many charitable works. He died on March 31st, 1879 (O.S.). His best known literary work is the "Guide to the Road to the Kingdom of Heaven."

S. ISAAC OF SYRIA was a native of Nineveh, who died at the close of the sixth century. Little is known of his parentage or childhood, but while still a young man he renounced the

world and entered the monastery of S. Matthias. After having fulfilled all the conditions of the community for some time, he desired to lead a life of solitude and silence, and, quitting his companions, took up his abode in the desert. His brother, who had also joined him in the monastery, pleaded in vain with Isaac to return to the brotherhood. But what his brother could not bring about was accomplished by the will of God. Feeling himself called to the aid of the Church in Nineveh, he left his cell in the wilderness and was made Bishop of this city. He did not remain there long. One day two men were brought before him in his episcopal palace. One was a creditor, the other a debtor who did not repudiate his debt, but begged for a little grace. But the creditor refused, saying: "If he does not pay me at once I will certainly give him up to judgment." S. Isaac reasoned with him, reminding him that the Gospel enjoined the remission of debts, and urging him at least to show his generosity by extending the time of payment. But the obdurate lender replied: "The ordinances of the Gospel are now set aside."

Then the man of God said to himself: "If they will not heed the commandments of God given in His Gospels, what is there left for me to do here?" Soon afterwards he left the town and returned to his desert cell, where he remained until his death. He is honoured on January 28th (O.S.). "He wrote much," says his biographer, in the *Dobrotolioubie*, "and all that he wrote was the outcome of his experience." His works have undergone a twofold translation—from the Syriac or Arabic to the Greek and from the Greek to the Slavonic.

(1) FATHER ISAIAH (probably *John Ivanovich Poutilov*), born in 1786, the son of a Moscow merchant. He joined the Sarovsky community in 1805, and is said never to have quitted it until his death in 1858. He led an exemplary life of industry and austerity, and rose to be head of the monastery, to which he bequeathed some writings in manuscript.

(2) Another writer of the same name was known in the world as *Trofimov-Kozlovsky*,

a member of the Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit, at Vilna. Isaiah was summoned from Lvov, where he was teaching in a religious school, to assist the illustrious Peter Mogila in the new college which he was founding at Kiev, and was eventually appointed its first rector. He also exercised the functions of Hegumen of the Poustin-Nikolaevsky Monastery. He took an important share in the educational work of Mogila, and was a Doctor of Divinity of Kiev. He died in 1651.

JACOB (*Joseph Ivanovich Vecherkov*), Archbishop of Nijny-Novgorod and Arzamas, born in 1792, was the son of a deacon of Serebryanka, in the Government of Kourbsk. His early education was received in the seminary of Bielgorod, where he remained for two years as teacher of German, mathematics and rhetoric. From 1816 to 1819 he finished his studies and took his degree at the Spiritual Academy at Petrograd, after which he became a monk, changing his name in the world for that of Jacob. He became Rector of the Seminaries of Orlov and Yekaterinoslav, was made an Archimandrite

in 1832, and promoted in 1849 to the Archbishopric of Nijny-Novgorod. In the same year he attended the meeting of the Holy Synod at Petrograd, where he died in May, 1850. His writings deal mostly with history and archæology, but he also used his pen as a weapon against various forms of schism, as in his Exhortation to the Molokans, and his account of the Bezpopovtsy (priestless sect) of the Government of Saratov.

S. JEROME (*Hieronymus*), born at Stridon (Stirgova) about 331. He lived and studied in Rome, and made his first journey to the East in 372. While at Antioch he was taken seriously ill, and a vision seen during a fit of unconsciousness decided him to enter the monastic life. He sought the desert in Chalcis, and here he overcame the temptations of the natural man by stern asceticism and strenuous mental occupation. He learnt Hebrew, as he himself relates, with great difficulty. He was drawn into taking some part in the discussions provoked by the Miletian schism, which agitated Antioch at that period. S. Jerome

left his desert cell in 397, and went to Antioch, where he was received into the priesthood. Henceforward he became more and more involved in the bitter controversies of the time with the Luciferians and Pelagians, and with individual schismatics, such as Jovinian and Vigilantius. S. Jerome spent two or three years at Constantinople, attracted by the presence of Gregory Nazianzen, and during his sojourn there he translated some of the homilies of Origen. He travelled in Egypt and the Holy Land with Paula, a widow whom he had converted in Rome, in order to study the organisation of the religious communities, and afterwards they settled at Bethlehem, Paula founding a nunnery and S. Jerome a monastery. Here he completed the Vulgate, the translation of the Scriptures into Latin still in use in the Western Catholic Church. He died on September 30th, 419.

S. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, Archbishop of Constantinople, won his name of Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth, on account of his inspired eloquence. He was born at Antioch about 344. His father, commander of the Imperial

troops in Syria, died early, leaving his only son to the care of his widow, Anthusa, who was only twenty years of age. She educated her son with the greatest care, and, among other accomplishments, she had him taught oratory under Libanius, the first master of that day. But while perfecting himself in all branches of Pagan scholarship, John was deeply attracted to Christianity. Like S. Francis of Assisi, he tarried for a while in the world in the society of friends of his own standing. He showed his conversion by adopting a great simplicity of dress, and spending much of his time in prayer and fasting, regardless of the sneers and censures of his companions. His next step was to enter the palace of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, where he remained for three years to be instructed in the faith. As he had first cultivated a power of eloquence, so he now learnt the great virtues of a wise silence. In 374 he joined the anchorites in the mountains near Antioch, where he led an ascetic life, first among these cenobites, and afterwards in the solitude of a cave hermitage. Here his health broke down, and at the end

of two years he returned to the city, and, having taken orders, became vicar and preacher to Flavian, who had succeeded Meletius as Bishop of Antioch. In this capacity he laboured for twelve years, and the fervent eloquence of his preaching changed the whole spirit of the city. In 397, Nectarius, Bishop of Constantinople, died, and the Emperor Arcadius greatly desiring to have S. Chrysostom elected in his place brought him out of Antioch by stratagem, lest his removal should cause a revolt. He was consecrated to the see in 398, and set about purifying the morals and raising the religious tone of Constantinople with the same zeal as he had displayed in Antioch. Stern and fearless in his reproaches of all evil and frivolity, he was at the same time so tender towards sinners that he provoked the criticism of his enemies. In midst of splendour he lived extremely frugally, keeping one table which was hospitably, but simply, furnished for guests, but eating in private, so that his own meals might be of the most sparing description.

Chrysostom's beneficent influence made it-

self felt far and wide. He sent out missionaries to the Goths and the Scythians, and took a long and difficult journey to Ephesus in order to deal with the Archbishop Antoninus, who had been accused of simony. His stainless character did not prevent him from being attacked by many powerful foes. The weak Emperor Arcadius first fell under the power of his chief consul, the insolent and greedy parvenu Eutropius, and, after his disgrace, the Empress Eudocia took the ascendancy. Her vanity and avarice were notorious, and she deeply resented the Archbishop's preaching against feminine luxury and extravagance. The story of her plot to rid herself of the saintly John is too long to tell here. He was banished; but the people demanded his return, and their instances having been emphasized by a severe shock of earthquake, the Empress, in terror, wrote asking him to come back without delay. Her repentance was short-lived. Chrysostom soon had occasion to denounce the public games organised before the silver statue of Eudocia, which was erected in front of the church of S. Sophia. A second intrigue, promoted by his enemy,

Theopilus of Alexandria, caused him to be again sent into exile. The Pope Innocent being convinced of the justice of his cause, invited Chrysostom to attend a council at Nice, where he arrived in June, 404. Once more his departure was signalized by a series of catastrophes, and Arcadius wrote imploring for his capital the intercessory prayers of S. Nilus of Sinai, to which the saint made answer: "You have banished John, the greatest light of the earth; at least do not persist in your crime." But the evil advice of the Empress and her friends prevailed. Chrysostom was not even permitted to remain in comparative peace at Nice, but was placed under a military escort and hurried away in the height of summer to Cucusus, in the deserted region of Mount Taurus. Here he was able to continue his missionary work and to meet some of his friends from Constantinople and Antioch. From this little town he wrote his letters to S. Olympia, in which he speaks much of sickness and the patient endurance of it.

The hatred of his enemies pursued S. Chrysostom even to Cucusus. The Emperor was

persuaded to sign an order banishing him still further, to Pytius on the Euxine Sea. His journey was a veritable martyrdom, planned to bring about his death. He succumbed on the road, dying in a little chapel which held the relics of the martyr, S. Basiliscus, on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14th, 407. His remains were removed to Constantinople in 438, and deposited with great pomp in the Church of the Apostles. Subsequently his ashes were laid to rest in the church of the Vatican. The complete list of his writings would occupy several pages of this volume, but I may once more call attention to his Divine Liturgy from which some quotations are given in the body of this book.

S. JOHN CLIMACUS, so called from his book entitled, "Climax, or the Ladder to Perfection," was born about 525, probably in the Holy Land. At sixteen he renounced a promising career as a scholar to join the community on Mount Sinai. But fearing lest pride of intellect might draw him into "the insolent itch of talking about every-

thing," he soon withdrew to a hermitage apart from the brothers and lived under the guidance of the anchoret, Martyrius. Having proved his vocation by four years' self-denial and obedience he took vows. In his writings the saint lays stress on the need of a long and searching probation before the solemn consecration of a life to God. S. John Climacus spent forty years in his retreat, renowned in spite of his extreme modesty, as a learned doctor of the Church and as a spiritual adviser. "Such was the reputation of his wisdom and experience," says Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," "that he was regarded as another Moses in that holy place." At seventy-six he was unanimously elected Hegumen of Mount Sinai. About this time a famine came upon Palestine, and the people flocked to John Climacus for his help and intercession. In obedience to the entreaties of John, Abbot of Raitha, by the Red Sea, he undertook in his old age to write that book of precepts called "The Climax," which "abounds more in sense than words." Shortly before his death the saint laid aside the burden of his abbacy and retired to his

hermitage, where he passed away in 605, in his eightieth year.

S. JOHN DAMASCENE takes his name from the city where he was born during the seventh century. His father, a zealous Christian, was held in such respect by the Saracen rulers of Damascus that he was appointed a Counsellor of State. John was carefully brought up in his father's faith, and was renowned for his probity and cleverness. Like his father, he kept the esteem of the Caliph and was made Governor of Damascus. But, fearful of the spiritual dangers which surrounded him, he eventually resigned his high position, gave his wealth to the poor, and entered the Lavra of S. Sabbas, near Jerusalem. Here he spent a long novitiate, perfecting himself in obedience and self-denial. After a time he was judged worthy to be ordained a priest. He then began to teach in the schools, and was entrusted with the task of refuting the opinions of the Iconoclasts in a series of discourses wherein he demonstrates the use of holy images from patristic tradition. He was

also sent on a mission to Palestine to defend the veneration of the Ikons. But he returned to the monastery of S. Sabbas, where the rest of his days were spent in assiduous devotion. He died in his cell about 780. His principal work was the "Exposition of the Orthodox Faith", in four books, which treat respectively of God and the Divine Attributes; the Creation, Angels, Man, Liberty and Predestination; the Incarnation, and the Sacraments. Some of the canticles used in the Orthodox Church are ascribed to him, and also the beautiful prayer in preparation for the Holy Eucharist, beginning, "I stand before the doors of Thy temple." But perhaps the most beautiful of all the writings of this, "the greatest of the Greek Christian poets," are the Stanzas (Stikhiri) in the Order of the Burial of the Dead (Priests) in use in the service of the Orthodox Church, some quotations from which are given in this book. The story of their origin is very touching. The hegumen of the Monastery of Mar Saba, where the Saint was then living, enjoined upon him, as a test of his humility, not to write any more. John

obeyed the order, until one of the monks came to implore him to compose some consolatory funeral canticles, because he was in grief at the loss of his brother. The devout hermit acceded to this request, thereby incurring the displeasure of his superior, who only consented to keep him in the monastery on condition that he should do penance by performing the most menial work. John cheerfully carried out his Hegumen's commands, and the latter was so touched by this proof of the saint's meekness that he, in his turn, humbly begged the poet to continue writing his inspired hymns. Several of these are to be found in Hymns Ancient and Modern and the English Hymnal. (See also Neale's Hymns of the Eastern Church.)

S. JOHN KASSIAN, the Roman, was born between the years 350-360 A.D., probably in Gaul in the neighbourhood of Marseilles. He was the child of wealthy parents who gave him an excellent education. In his youth he showed a pious disposition, and, wishing to perfect himself in the devout life, he journeyed to the East and, entering

the monastery at Bethlehem, took monastic vows. Two years later, in 390, he was attracted by all that he heard of the lives of the Egyptian Fathers, and made his way there in order to become their disciple. Accompanied by his friend Herman, he sojourned both among the cenobites and anchorets for a period of seven years and became completely initiated into their ways of life. After a short visit to his monastery at Bethlehem, he again sought the Egyptian desert and remained there until 400 A.D. In that year he and his friend travelled to Constantinople, where he was welcomed by S. Chrysostom, who ordained him deacon. When this saint was sent into exile, in 405, S. Kassian was one of those who were sent to Rome to make intercession for him with Pope Innocent. The mission failed.

After this, S. Kassian returned no more to the East, but took his way back to his native land, where he continued to live the ascetic life according to the example of the Egyptian Fathers. Being now ordained a priest, and famed for the holiness of his existence, he gathered disciples around him

one by one, and established a monastery, ruled after Eastern—and especially Egyptian —precepts. A community for women was also started. The admirable discipline of these institutions having excited the interest of many of the heads of the Gallic monasteries, they begged S. Kassian to write down the rules by which the Eastern monks lived, with some account of the spirit which animated their asceticism. The saint complied, and left twelve volumes of his works, containing twenty-four Colloquies, mostly dealing with the spiritual warfare against eight evil passions: gluttony, sensuality, avarice, anger, despair, weariness, vain glorying, and pride.

S. JOSEPH OF VOLOKOLAMSK, born at the village of Yazvistche, in 1439, or a year later, was educated at a neighbouring monastery, whither he was sent at eight years old. At twenty, having decided to become a monk, he entered the famous community of Paphnutius at Borovskaya, where he remained for eighteen years. Paphnutius was on good terms with the Grand Dukes of Moscow, who often stayed at the monastery, which was

wealthy and hospitable. On the death of its founder, Joseph was appointed Hegumen at the instance of the Tsar, Ivan III. The strictness of his rule caused the monks to murmur, and led to his determination to found a community of his own. The Monastery of Volokolamsk, built in 1479, flourished and grew celebrated. Its rules were austere, but they were rigorously carried out in the private life of the Hegumen himself. Although his monastery was the favoured resort of princes, Joseph was zealous in helping the peasantry and the poor; in teaching the children of the district, and in collecting manuscripts—some of which he copied with his own hand—to form the nucleus of a fine library, a great portion of which has since been transferred to the Divinity School at Moscow.

But Joseph was not merely a great and worthy abbot; he contended with zeal and eloquence against the *Strigolniks* and Judaising sects of his time. Towards these heretics he showed a ruthlessness rather unusual in the history of the Eastern Church, which involved him in much controversy with the

more humane spirits of the age, Nilus, the hermit of Sor, and his disciple, the Prince-monk, Vassian Kossoy Patrikeiev. It must be said in extenuation that a peculiarly odious form of heresy was then prevalent in Russia, and that even Zosimus, Metropolitan of Moscow in 1491, while outwardly conforming to orthodox observances, secretly belonged to the sect which rejected Christ and His teaching. Later on, when these errors had practically died out, the dispute between S. Serapion, "Lord" or Archbishop of Novgorod, and Joseph of Volokolamsk, which ended in the monastery of the latter being transferred to the personal supervision of Simon, Metropolitan of Moscow, and in the downfall of Serapion, is a well-known page in Russian ecclesiastical history. Joseph was unquestionably one of the most capable polemical writers of his period, although his divinity was of an old and rigid school. He died in 1515, and was canonized December 20th, 1578 (O.S.).

KARAMZIN, NICHOLAS MIKHAILOVICH, a descendant of a noble Tartar family, born in 1766, began his career as a writer in the time

of Catherine the Great, when he published his "Letters of a Russian Traveller," the fruits of a year spent in Switzerland, France and England. He was an idealistic liberal, and with the advent of Alexander I he embarked upon the great work of his life, a History of Russia, in twelve volumes, which by its glowing patriotism and beauty of style, won the enthusiastic praise of the cultured public of the day. Critics are not wanting who regard Karamzin's history as being more romantic than trustworthy; but none can deny that he was the first to make the hitherto cumbrous and imperfect Russian language into a spontaneous and beautiful vehicle for the expression of his thoughts. He edited a famous review, the *Messenger of Europe*, in which he published an historical drama, "Martha the Regent," and many essays. Two earlier novels, "Nathalia, the Boyard's Daughter" and "Poor Lisa," came out in the *Moscow Journal*, with which he was also associated as editor. His influence made itself felt through a long line of literary descendants: Poushkin, Dmitriev, Joukovsky and others. Karamzin died in 1826.

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LERMONTOV, MICHAEL YOURIEVICH, the descendant of Scotch ancestors settled in Russia, whose family name was Learmonth, was born at Moscow in 1814. His career at the University was brief on account of some youthful escapade, and at eighteen he joined the Cadet School, receiving a commission in the Hussars of the Guard at twenty. Even as a cadet he began to write verses, and a poem in memory of Poushkin was copied and distributed in manuscript among literary circles in the capital, and greatly admired for its fervent and daring expression of contempt for the dead poet's detractors. Lermontov was promptly transferred to the Caucasus as a warning to be more guarded in his literary outbursts. The following year (1838) he returned to Petrograd and again fell into disgrace for fighting a duel with the son of the Baron de Barante, the French Ambassador. He had brought back from his first exile to the Caucasus his great romantic poem, "The Demon," and a work, totally different in style, the incomparable historical epic, "The Lay of Tsar Ivan Vassilievich, the Oprichnik, and the Merchant Kalash-

nikov." In the former we find some of Lermontov's most inspired descriptions of the sublime scenery of the Caucasus, which forms the background of the tale of the Demon's passion for the sweet and ill-fated Tamara; in the latter there is a strain of realism which separates his work from the romanticism of a Byron, or a Musset. Besides his glowing lyric poetry, Lermontov left a novel, "A Hero of Our Days," which is to a great extent autobiographical. Like his hero, Pechorin, the poet was a curiously contradictory being, craving for social success, yet despising society; craving for love, yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which alone makes love a lasting joy; irritable and hypersensitive; proud and overbearing; passionate, yet cold—a true "demon" nature, which could bring no happiness to itself or others. He threw away his life in a senseless duel, which he wilfully provoked, in 1841.

MAKARY, or MACARIUS, is a name which frequently occurs in the history of the Russian Church. By the Monk Makary is

probably meant Makary Kalyazinsky, founder of the monastery of that name, of which he was the first Hegumen. His incorruptible remains having been discovered in 1521, he was canonized by the Council of Moscow in 1547. He wrote "Stories of the Lives of the Saints," the manuscript of which came into the possession of the Volokolamsk Lavra.

S. MAXIM, whom the Greeks call Homologete, or Confessor, was born in Constantinople in 580. He was the scion of an old and distinguished family, and was highly educated. His gifts became known to the Emperor Heraclius, who appointed him Secretary of State. But Maxim was already more attracted by the contemplative, religious life than by worldly success. At that time the Monothelite heresy had tainted the Court, and foreseeing the difficulties which must inevitably surround him as the servant of Heraclius, Maxim obtained leave to retire to Chrysopolis, where he adopted the monastic life, passing afterwards for greater solitude and security into Africa. Here he again

found himself confronted with Monothelism,* supported by Pyrrhus, ex-Patriarch of Constantinople. This was the beginning of his long protest against this form of heresy. After a conference with Pyrrhus, which only resulted in the former Patriarch setting aside his views temporarily, Maxim went to Rome, took part in the council summoned by the Pope, S. Martin, in 649, and remained there until the death of the Pontiff in 655. He was then arrested and conveyed to Constantinople with two of his followers, both named Anastasius. Here he was brought before the Senate and closely examined as to his faith, and it was his courageous declaration on this occasion which earned for him the title of Confessor. Every effort to make him renounce the purity of his faith in favour of the views of the Monothelites having failed, he was condemned to have his tongue torn out and his right hand cut off; after which he was banished, with his two companions, to Sarmatia. He did not long survive this cruel treatment, and died either on August 13th,

* A form of heresy allied to Eutychianism, which recognised but one will in the twofold nature of our Lord.

662, or January 21st of the following year, at the age of 82. His writings include commentaries on various books of the Scriptures, polemical dissertations, a Discourse on Asceticism, and Spiritual Maxims.

NEKRASSOV, born 1839, educated at the Divinity School of Kazan, wrote "The Speech and Birth of Mankind," "Readings of the Greek Text of the Gospels," and "The Year of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ and the 'Seventy Weeks' prophecies of Daniel."

S. NILUS OF SINAI came of a rich and distinguished family. While S. Chrysostom was still at Antioch, Nilus appears to have been attracted by his eloquence and to have become his disciple. During his life in the world he married and had two sons. His birth and personal qualities won for him the position of Prefect of Constantinople; but the call of the holy vocation grew stonger as time went on, and about the year 390 Nilus obtained his wife's consent to withdraw entirely from secular life. Leaving his eldest son in her care to be educated, he went to the

desert of Sinai, taking with him his younger boy, Theodulus. In due course of time his wife and daughter also abjured the world and entered one of the Egyptian communities.

S. Nilus led an austere life in the wilderness, where with the help of his son he dug himself a cave dwelling, and lived on wild herbs and roots, devoting his time entirely to prayer, meditation and good works; for though S. Nilus cut himself adrift from social life he did not turn away from the needs of his fellow-men, who sought his counsel on many occasions. When the Emperor Arcadius wrote asking his prayers and intercessions on behalf of himself and his empire, the Saint replied with a bold rebuke to the ruler who had banished S. Chrysostom, "the lamp of truth, the trumpet of Jesus Christ," from his capital. Even in the wilderness of Sinai he was greatly tried, for the Saracens overran the district, killing many of the monks and carrying into captivity his beloved son, Theodulus. After suffering an agony of suspense on hearing that his son had been slain by the heathen, he eventually found him in the safe keeping of the Bishop of Eleusa,

who had ransomed him with other captives. The bishop conferred upon the anchorite the order of priesthood, after which Nilus retired again to the life of his choice. He lived nearly sixty years in the desert, and the exact date of his death there is not known, though it is believed to have occurred about the year 450. His relics were brought to Constantinople in the reign of the younger Justinian and deposited in the Church of the Apostles. He is honoured in the Eastern Church on January 13th and November 12th.

Butler, in the "Lives of the Fathers," says of S. Nilus: "The saint was always ready to communicate to others his spiritual science. For, in the tranquillity of his solitude, he had learnt to know God in a manner in which He is not known in the tumult of the world, and to taste the sweets of His peace." His letters, written to people of all ranks who consulted him are "short, but elegant, and written with spirit and vehemency, especially when any vice is the theme." His "One Hundred and Fifty-three Chapters on Prayer" is considered the most edifying of his writings.

PETER (*Feodor Yekaterinovsky*), Bishop of Tomsk (Siberia), was educated at the Academy of Divinity, Moscow. He wrote some standard theological works: "On Monasticism"; "The Path of Salvation," an essay in Asceticism; an Exposition of the Prophecies of Isaiah; "Teachings and Consolations for the Sick and the Dying," etc. He died in 1889.

PHILARET (*Dmitri Grigorievich Humilievsky*), Archbishop of Chernigov, born October 23rd, 1805 (O.S.), in the village Konobievsky, in the Government of Tambov, where his father was a country priest. His surname was originally identical with that of his native place, but at the seminary of Tambov, where he received his earlier education, he was nicknamed Humilievsky (humilis) on account of his short stature, and gentle, fragile exterior. He went from Tambov to the Divinity Academy of Moscow in 1826, with the reputation of a promising scholar. In 1830 he took monastic vows, and afterwards filled one or two scholastic posts in the Academy, being promoted to the rank of

Archimandrite five years later, when he became prior of the Monastery of the Epiphany, Moscow. His industry and energy as a teacher and director were in complete contradiction to his physical weakness. He was an admirable lecturer and encouraged intellectual tastes among the students. In private life he adhered strictly to the austere rule of his vows. He was a doctor of divinity of the Kiev Academy, and a member of the Russian Historical and Geographical Societies. His "History of the Russian Church" became a standard work. Appointed Archbishop of Kharkov in 1857, he was transferred to the see of Chernigov in 1859, and died there of cholera in 1866.

PHILARET (*Vassily Mikhailovich Drozdov*), Metropolitan of Moscow, born December 26th, 1783 (O.S.), at Kolomna, in the Government of Moscow. He was partly educated at the house of an uncle, a priest, and was afterwards sent to the seminary of the Troitsa-Serghievskaya Monastery. He made a special study of Greek and Hebrew and be-

came a teacher of these languages. In 1808 he took vows, and was appointed Inspector of the Academy of Divinity at Petrograd, and Professor of Philosophy. Ambrose, then Metropolitan of Petrograd, was favourably disposed towards the young ecclesiastic and called him to the attention of the Chief Procurator. Philaret now moved in influential circles, and his words were listened to on all important occasions. In 1811, he became an archimandrite, and the following year saw him promoted to be Rector of the Academy and to the Chair of Divinity. The events of 1812 made a profound impression upon Philaret. His discourse on the death of Koutouzov brought him additional fame in 1813, and he was invited to preach at the Imperial Chapel; but in his sermon on "Love of the World" his fearless reproof of luxury gave umbrage to the Court circle. As a member of the Bible Society he was involved in many sharp conflicts with Arakcheiev and other reactionists, but he triumphed over them in so far that with the support of Prince Galitsin, then Minister of Ecclesiastical affairs, he was able to complete

a fine translation of the New Testament into the vernacular.*

During the Decembrist insurrection, following the accession of Nicholas I, Philaret was able to calm the people by his eloquence, winning thereby the personal gratitude of the Emperor, and paving the way for his advancement to the see of Moscow. As a member of the Synod he fought hard against the encroaching power of the Procurator, who seemed bent on robbing the ecclesiastics of all effective rights. Under Alexander II he enjoyed great respect and honour, and to him was confided the preparation of the Manifesto of the Liberation of the Serfs in 1861. The first edition of his sermons and speeches appeared in 1845, entitled, "Discourses of a Member of the Synod." They were widely read and translated into French and German. Philaret was consecrated suffragan Bishop of Petrograd in 1817 and Archbishop of Tver in 1819. Most of his earlier career was spent in Petrograd, but after his elevation to the see of Moscow he rarely left the older capital.

* Hitherto the Scriptures had only been published in the ecclesiastical Slavonic.

A man of profound intellect and strong will, he exercised great influence on the social life of Russia. He died in 1867.

FATHER PIMEN, whose name in the world was *Dmitri Blagovo*, was at one time archpriest of the church of the Russian Embassy at Rome. He was born in 1827 and educated at the Moscow University as a lawyer. Later in life he entered a monastery. He wrote "Spiritual Poems" (1875), "The Journey to Russia of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch," and other works.

POUSHKIN, ALEXANDER SERGEIEVICH, born May 26th, 1799, was of aristocratic descent, with, however, a strain of black blood mingled with the blue, an ancestor on his mother's side having been the daughter of Peter the Great's negro, Hannibal. He was rather dull in school, but was fond of writing little plays in French, which were acted at home, and he read widely for his age. Before he left the Lycée at Tsarskoe Selo he had contributed several poems to "The Messenger of Europe," and won the praises of the

poet Derjavin by his "Recollections of Tsarskoe Selo," which he recited at a prize-giving in the school. His poetry at this time was in no way inferior to Byron's precocious essays in his "Hours of Idleness." In 1820 appeared Poushkin's first long poem, "Rousslan and Lioudmilla," founded on a Russian legend, more classic than national in style. The young poet left school in 1817, and entered the Foreign Office, but paid more attention to society than to work. He mixed both in the gay world and among literary circles. He became involved, as was natural to his age, with the progressive political cliques of his day, and was only saved from participation in the Decembrist conspiracy by being appointed to a subordinate post under General Inzov in Southern Russia. During the six years which he spent away from the dangers and dissipations of Petrograd, he visited the Caucasus and the Crimea, localities as fruitful in inspiration for Russian poets, painters and musicians, as the Highlands of Scotland have been for ourselves. This period was profitable for his literary development. He was temporar-

ily influenced by Byron, and shows it in two poems written at this time: "The Prisoner in the Caucasus" and "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai." But though he chooses the kind of romantic oriental subjects which attracted Byron in "The Giaour" and "The Corsair," there is no slavish imitation in the work of the Russian poet. Part of Poushkin's exile was spent upon his father's estate in the country, near Pskov. Here he first discovered Shakespeare, and under this new influence, and that of the Bible, which he studied at this time, he soon left behind once for all his youthful admiration for Byron. Probably his Shakespearean reading gave him the idea of writing an historical drama based on the tragic events of the life of Boris Godounov, the usurper, and murderer of the young Tsarevich Dmitri, son of Ivan the Terrible. But before he gave up the romanticism of his earlier years, while standing at the cross-roads between youth and maturity, he wrote one of the most popular of his longest poems, "The Gipsies." In the quiet of his country home at Mikhailovsky Poushkin began his famous novel in verse,

"Eugene Oniegin." In this work he first shows that characteristically Russian tendency to realism which was afterwards to develop into the chief element of the fiction of Tourgeniev, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. The realism of Poushkin has nothing in common with the naturalism of the late nineteenth century; it resembles rather, as Mr. Maurice Baring has pointed out, the delicate realism of Jane Austen. The chief characters in "Oniegin"—the hero himself, Tatiana, and the enthusiastic and hypersensitive Lensky—have served as prototypes for a whole series of fictional heroes and heroines.

Poushkin, released from his banishment in 1826, returned to Petrograd full of hope and plans for his future work. He was doomed to disappointment. A suspected man, while nominally under the personal patronage of the Emperor, his works were subjected to a rigorous and humiliating censorship. Nor was his domestic life a happy one. He madè a love match; but the surroundings of the young couple in the capital were not suited either to the somewhat cynical, im-

provident and easily bored poet, or the gay and frivolous young wife. A foolish flirtation on her part was made the occasion of a scandal by the poet's enemies, and Poushkin thought himself in honour bound to fight a duel with an officer of the Guards, Heckeren-Dantès. The meeting took place on February 27th, 1837, and the poet received a fatal wound. Among the works which belong to his later years are those in style of Russian folk tales: "The Tale of Tsar Saltan," "The Golden Cock," "The Fisherman and the Fish," "The Bronze Horseman," a poem of S. Petersburg; many fine lyrics, and two prose tales, "The Captain's Daughter" and "Dubrovsky." The dualism of Poushkin's character and literary creations is remarkable. He himself felt the two halves of his nature at war within him. Sometimes he is filled with the pride of his bardic mission and speaks with serious and passionate accents like an inspired priest of Apollo; at other moments he is a frivolous and worldly dandy. In both parts he was sincere; just as he was sincere in his occasional revelations of religious feeling.

He died forgiving his enemies—and they were powerful and implacable—and fortified by the rites of the Church, to which, after he had passed through an early phase of scepticism, he showed himself a loyal adherent.

IVAN SERGEIEV, more familiarly known as FATHER JOHN of Cronstadt, is a typical example of those parish priests, the report of whose sincerity and devotion reaches far beyond their own congregation, or diocese, so that they cannot travel abroad without great multitudes following them, even as they followed the Master to the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Father John was the son of a sacristan, born in the Government of Archangel in 1829. He was brought up in an atmosphere of piety, and from his childhood loved church going, and especially the music. At school he was accounted a dull boy; but he says that as the result of fervent prayer his intellect grew keener and stronger, so that he was eventually selected as a State bursary for the Academy of Divinity, Petrograd. His external life was of the simplest

kind. In 1855 he finished his course at the Academy and married the daughter of the senior priest at Cronstadt, where he was appointed deacon. There he continued his ministry until the end of his life in 1909, serving in his church, visiting the sick, and distributing the great sums of money which were given into his hands for charitable purposes. His fame extended not only over Russia, but beyond the confines of the Empire. Requests for his intercessory prayers came to him from all parts of Europe. From time to time he visited Petrograd and other centres, the trains and steamers by which he travelled being thronged by those who wished to obtain his blessing. Nor was it only the poor who believed in Father John. He comforted and fortified Alexander III on his deathbed. But he was a true spiritual shepherd and returned always to his humble dwelling in Cronstadt untouched by Court favours, and of him none ventured to say that he was a political intriguer. His book, "My Life in Christ," a record of spiritual experiences, was translated into English by M. Goulaev. A very interesting apprecia-

tion of Father John, by Dr. Alexander Whyte, appeared in 1898.

SLUCHEVSKY (*Constantine Constantinovich*), a well-known poet, born in 1837, was of aristocratic descent and received his early education in the Pages' Corps. He served for a time in the Guards and then entered the Staff College. In 1861 he retired from the army and went abroad, studying in Paris, Berlin and Heidelberg, taking his degree as Doctor of Philosophy at the last-named university. On his return to Russia he entered the Civil Service, and began to write verses, which appeared in the Russian "Contemporary," and other journals. His poems met with very varied criticisms. Distinctly original in thought they leave much to be desired in form. His longest poem, "Eloa," shows his mystical tendencies, which ran counter to the utilitarian point of view of such realists as Pisariev and Chernichevsky, powerful influences at that period. Besides poetry, Sluchevsky wrote plays, articles and short stories, and a book upon The Historical Significance of S. Sergius.

SOKOLOV, ALEXANDER CYRILLOVICH, born at Kostroma, 1818, was educated at the Academy of Divinity, Moscow, where he became Professor of Hebrew. In 1844 he was called to the higher priesthood and was attached to the Church of the Trinity, Moscow, where he remained until his death in 1884. He wrote "A Continuation of the doings of the Holy Fathers," and a "Life of S. Ephrem of Syria," whose works he also translated from the Syriac.

SPERANSKY, COUNT MIKHAIL MIKHAILOVICH, son of a priest, was born at the village of Cherkoutin, on New Year's Day, 1772 (O.S.). He received his earlier education at the seminary at Vladimir, and afterwards entered the seminary of S. Alexander Nevsky, Petrograd. Here he distinguished himself, and stayed on for a time as a teacher, but was eventually taken into the service of the Procurator-General of the Synod. On the accession of Alexander I, in 1801, Speransky became associated with the circle of the Emperor's young friends, and had the good fortune to become a Secretary of State. He

was already impregnated with constitutional ideals, and was a leading spirit in those projects of benevolent, but somewhat unpractical, liberalism, with which Alexander willingly coquetted in the first years of his reign. The schemes with which Speransky was chiefly responsible were: a plan for a system of universal national education, and another for the establishment of an administrative and judiciary senate. He also took an active part in drawing up, on liberal lines, the terms of the incorporation of Finland. This, perhaps more than anything else, brought him into conflict with the military and ultra-conservative party, who planned his downfall. One night in 1812 he was summoned to the Palace and found himself ere morning on the road to Nijny-Novgorod in charge of a police officer. In the years of exile which followed, Speransky occupied himself at times with devotional literature, and translated "The Imitation of Christ," of Thomas à Kempis, into Russian. In 1819 he was made Governor-General of Siberia, an onerous position, which probably it was hoped would effectually check his plans for

the political and social reformation of his country. He was recalled to Russia in 1821, and enjoyed the personal respect and affection of Nicholas I, who gave him the title of Count. But the liberal visions of his youth remained an unfulfilled dream. He died in February, 1839.

SPERANSKY (*Mme. Bagreiev-Speransky*), daughter of Count Speransky. The affection between them was very touching, for she was his chief consolation in his years of misfortune. She married A. Florova-Bagreiev, Civil Governor of Chernigov.

S. SYNCLETICA, or MOTHER SYNCLETICA, as the Russians call her, was born at Alexandria, Egypt. Her parents were wealthy and she had many suitors, but from early youth she resolved to dedicate herself to God. On the death of her father and mother, she gave her large fortune to the poor, and retired to a convent with her only sister, who was blind. The report of her virtue and her eloquent discourses brought many women to consult her on their spiritual difficulties.

At the end of a long and devout life she was afflicted by a terrible cancer in the jaw, depriving her of speech. But "her wonderful patience served to preach to others more than words could have done." There is some doubt as to the date when she lived, but it cannot have been later than the fourth century. She must have been one of the earliest foundresses of a nunnery. S. John Climacus speaks of her in his works. The Western Church keeps her festival on January 5th.

THEOPHANE (*George Vassilievich Govorov*) Bishop of Vladimir, born in 1815, received his education at the Orlovsky Seminary and the Academy of Divinity at Kiev. During the first decade of his career he occupied several successive posts in schools and academies. In 1859 he became Bishop of Tambov, and removed to Vladimir in 1863. After three years he retired to the Vyshinsky Hermitage, where he remained until his death in 1894. His principal books are: "Discourses and Sermons," "Letters on the Christian Life," "Letters to various people

respecting the Faith," "The Way of Salvation," and a treatise on Asceticism.

S. TIKHON ZADONSKY, known in secular life as Timothy Sokolov, was born in 1724, at Kovotska, in the Government of Novgorod, in very poor circumstances. At twelve years of age he went to live with a brother who was a deacon at Novgorod, and attended the church school there. He was a diligent student and remained at the seminary as a teacher of Greek and rhetoric. In 1758 he assumed the monastic habit in the Antonievsky Monastery, Novgorod, and was rapidly advanced to the ranks of the higher clergy. After some experience as the director of various communities, he went as suffragan to the diocese of Petrograd to the district of Kexholm and Ladoga. During the absence of the Synod at the Coronation of Catherine II at Moscow, he was chosen to stay in Petrograd as temporary head of the synodal "Kontov." He was called to the independent bishopric of Voronejh in 1763, where he found much sloth and disorder, and a great opening for his active and zealous

piety. He replaced the dilapidated wooden cathedral by a new stone building, admonished the priests for their slovenly services and neglect of preaching, opened schools, and brought a revivifying breath into the spiritual life of all classes. He cared especially for the poor, for he had had practical experience in youth of want and suffering. His charity was only limited by the extent of his income.

In 1767, wearied out with his energetic reforms, he retired to the Monastery of the Holy Mother of God, Zadonsky, and returned no more to the busy life of the world. Henceforth his days were spent in prayer and contemplation, varied by work in the garden of the monastery—no menial services were beneath his dignity. His cell was "the source whence flowed spiritual comfort to the whole district." He loved to collect the children around him. He is said to be the original of Dostoievsky's beautiful figure of Father Zosima in "The Brothers Karamazov." At Zadonsky the saintly man wrote his best works, which are distinguished for a clear style, and for a common-sense piety, which

can be translated into daily life and appeals to the simple-hearted. The following are some of his most familiar books: "Of True Christianity," "Spiritual Treasure Gleaned from the World," "Flesh and Spirit," "Instructions for each Christian Duty" (issued by the Synod); much correspondence, including "Letters from a Monastic Cell"; and many shorter treatises, such as "The Love of our Enemies," "The Love of our Neighbours," "Knowledge of the Love of God," "A Guide to the Narrow Way," etc.

S. Tikhon died at the Zadonsky Monastery on August 13th, 1783 (O.S.), on which day his memory is honoured by the Russian Orthodox Church.

IOANN VASSILIEVICH TOLMACHEV, archpresbyter and writer on religious questions, died in 1897. He completed his theological studies at the Divinity School of Petrograd, and was appointed chaplain to the Russian Embassy at Stockholm. Later he was transferred to the beautiful Russian church at Wiesbaden, and his final preferment was to the church of the Winter Palace, Petrograd.

He was a voluminous writer, many of his articles appearing in the journal "Strannik" (The Pilgrim). His published volumes include: "The Spirit of the Christian," "Orthodox Points of View," "Colloquies on the Orthodox Faith," and "The Reciprocal Duties of Christian Husbands and Wives."

TOURGENIEV (*Ivan Sergeievich*) (1818-1883) belonged to an old family of landowners. After having completed his course at the Petrograd University he went to Berlin for a time and there imbibed those international views which set him for the rest of his days in the camp of the Westerns, as opposed to the Slavophiles. He wrote the first of his "Sportsman's Sketches" in 1847, but the collection itself, which brought him immediate fame, did not appear until 1852. Shortly afterwards he was kept a prisoner on his own estate for two years. As soon as he was at liberty, Tourgeniev left Russia and spent the rest of his life between Paris and Baden, visiting his native country occasionally, and becoming more and more detached from the conflicts which agitated Russian

society during the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century. He was perhaps the first interpreter of Russia to Western Europe, which read of the lives of her peasantry, studied the aristocratic, and the Hamlet-like type of the *intelligentsia*, and learnt to admire her scenery through the exquisite artistry of Tourgeniev, before it was ready to appreciate the vital realism of Tolstoi, and the profound psychological analysis of Dostoievsky. His principal novels are so well known in this country that it is hardly necessary to mention them here. His "Journal of a Superfluous Man," "Roudin" and "A Nest of Gentlefolk," belong to his early period. After 1860 he wrote three great novels dealing with the social and political problems of the day: "On the Eve," "Fathers and Sons," and "Virgin Soil." In the last years of his life, when he suffered much from illness, his writings are touched with a certain speculative mysticism; "The Song of Love Triumphant," "Clara Milich" and the "Poems in Prose," belong to this time.

APOLOGIA

THIS book was completed in the early days of the revolution, before the Bolshevik party had shown itself openly hostile to religion, and, judged in the light of recent events, it may appear belated. Nevertheless the writer feels that the book still has its value, because it deals with eternal truths such as no revolutionary phase has ever yet been able to annihilate. Just as France during the Reign of Terror produced a "Goose Gobel," or a Baron Clootz, and afterwards a Monseigneur Darboy, who died pardoning his murderers, even so, when the light of history penetrates the present confusion and obscurity in Russia, assuredly her devout sons and daughters will not be found to be extinct.

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